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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

MR. MOTLEY *vice* MR. REVERDY JOHNSON.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON returns from England and Mr. Motley takes his place. There is, perhaps, no more unpopular American—we mean with his countrymen—than Mr. Reverdy Johnson at this moment. And yet if people who are prejudiced against him were to ask themselves in sober candor *why*, most of them would find it difficult to frame a reasonable answer. Mr. Johnson was sent to England mainly for one thing—to effect a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* claims. Now, although the treaty to which he obtained the assent of the British government has just been rejected by our own, it is altogether improbable that any better settlement—any settlement more favorable to the substantial interests of American citizens—will ever peaceably be effected by Mr. Motley or any one else. The general persuasion of the London press, which has been of late put forward with considerable bluntness, is that Mr. Reverdy Johnson cajoled the English government into granting better terms than were strictly consistent either with the rights of the case or with the honor of the English nation. Mr. Johnson's social blandishments, his continual flow of honeyed words for all people and things English, blinded both Lord Stanley and the public, say these journals, to the merits of the question at issue; at least so far as to lead to an assent to a one-sided arrangement. We discussed the points of the protocol at considerable length some time ago, and our readers can judge for themselves of the reasonableness of this view. It is proper, however, that the people of this country should clearly understand how the English public regard this matter. There is not the least doubt that the news of the rejection of the treaty by the United States Senate has been received in England with profound astonishment. The impression there has been that the American minister, having played an exceedingly bold, adroit, and successful game, had won more from the Foreign Office than it ought to have conceded. The anti-American journals and politicians were bitter in denouncing the treaty, and scarcely any, after the first blush, regarded it with favor. England, they declared, was made by it to truckle to the United States in a manner not only derogatory but imprudent. Even the *Spectator*, a paper which as regards our affairs is a sort of ratiocinative New York *Tribune*, and which has earned signal discredit with many of its countrymen for its strong "Americanism," said of Mr. Johnson: "He was most desirous to gain all he could for the government he served. . . . He put forward enormous demands, but professed enormous friendship. Never was such love as he expressed for all mankind, and specially English mankind, and never were such proofs of that love asked from those he loved so fondly. We were the greatest, the noblest, the bravest race under the sun; his own cousins; people of whom he was proud; a race whose literature was the common heritage of two worlds; men without compare save in America, and of necessity and nature America's eternal and most sure allies. *Being all that, what more natural than that we should prove it all by acknowledging that we were always in the wrong, by conceding every demand, by offering any amount of dollars, by signing any sort of agreement made to seem fair by the introduction of the phrase 'international arbitration.'*"

Here, in the words of America's greatest friend—or rather, perhaps, we should say the greatest friend of the Republican party—among English journals, the only one indeed occupying a leading position among the educated classes, is the whole matter in a nutshell: Mr. Johnson only succeeded in getting the treaty he did by a series of official and social flatteries perhaps unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. Had he attempted any other course he must have failed. All specific accounts of the temper of the British government and people, and all general views of the intrinsic merits of the situation, concur in establishing this conclusion. And yet, in apparently seeking to justify the displeasure with which Mr. Johnson has been regarded in this country, the *Spectator* goes on to say: "He had courted the latter (the English) while he plundered them, and the former, the Americans, were so wroth with the courtship that they angrily rejected the spoil. To them Mr. Johnson seemed almost a traitor, his pleasant speeches insults, his courtesies to Messrs. Laird and Roebuck derelictions of duty, his assertions of kinship humiliating concessions; and they rose at last into such a fit of jealous irritation that they would have nothing to say to the treaty because it had been gained by cozening words. Like litigants in a county court, they panted not to obtain redress, but to put their opponents in the box and make them admit themselves in the wrong." Which is merely another way of saying that the American people are angry with their envoy for pursuing the only possible course by which the end he was sent to compass, the amicable adjustment of the *Alabama* claims, had any chance of being accomplished. We confess that we find it difficult to understand what sort of instructions Mr. Motley can receive which, while aiming to satisfy the American people by making his conduct as different as possible from Mr. Johnson's, can yet be expected to eventuate in his negotiating a more satisfactory treaty. If our countrymen want war at

any price, we have not the least doubt they can be accommodated; and in that case Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, might be a more suitable minister than Mr. Motley. But how they can look for a peaceful settlement more advantageous than was promised by the rejected treaty, through a line of diplomacy precisely, and doubtless offensively, the opposite of the line by which that treaty was negotiated, we fail to perceive. We hold that England has often treated this country with unjustifiable arrogance, and admit, while we regret, that this has generated animosity in the hearts of most Americans toward the mother country which leads our countrymen to be only too ready to seek occasion for misunderstanding. If this animosity must lead sooner or later to war, however, we freely acknowledge that we should prefer the United States to have a sounder cause of quarrel than is now likely to grow out of the *Alabama* claims. We are disposed to go as far as any in sustaining with jealous solicitude the national honor, but we doubt whether that honor demands greater concessions from Great Britain than were obtainable under the provisions of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty; we doubt whether the English people will not be of a very obstinate opinion that that treaty conceded as much as their own national honor will allow; and we doubt whether Mr. Motley, great as is our respect for his abilities, can make any better arrangement with Lord Stanley or his possible successor than did the much-reviled Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

A REFORM CLUB FOR NEW YORK.

THE advantage of enlisting in behalf of a desired political measure every available social influence is so manifest as to require no proof. The power of such organizations as the Carlton, Brookes's, and the Reform Clubs, in London, has become matter of history, and the force lately wielded among ourselves by the Union League associations is passing into the same domain. Experience shows that men who agree in advocating a particular measure, or set of measures, are most likely to make their advocacy effectual when they come together habitually, under circumstances that unite the amenities of refined social intercourse with facilities for pushing the desired political objects. We believe the time is ripe for the establishment in New York of a society whose purpose can scarcely be better described than by calling it the Reform Club; and that the body now known as the Free Trade League might well constitute the basis or nucleus of such an organization.

Partly as a consequence of the peculiar hardships under which the people now labor, and which they are learning to see are in a considerable degree the fruit of an extravagant protective policy, and partly because of the disinterested activity of the Free Trade League, a belief in the soundness as well as the vast importance of the principles of Free Trade is getting to be more general in this country than ever before; the time is highly favorable, therefore, for fresh efforts toward the formation of a great Free Trade Party. The idea of Reform, however, considered as the name of the proposed club, may include something more than an unshackled commerce. It may include the purgation and regeneration of the Civil Service, the exposure and punishment of corruption in public servants, the representation of minorities, the abolition of an elective judiciary, and other measures tending to good government and public prosperity. We suggest the Free Trade League as the basis of a Reform Club for several reasons. The first is that the cause of Free Trade would be materially benefited by the *push*, the *éclat*, and the spreading influence of such a club; and the cause of Free Trade, at this juncture, is in need of just such aid. The League, moreover, has among its members not only active young men, whose enthusiasm would stimulate them to carry out in a suitable manner the practical work of organizing the club, but men of such character and social position among their seniors as to assure from the outset public confidence and respect. Again, while it may be that there are free-traders who do not favor some special reformatory project, such, for example, as Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill, yet it is certain that free-traders in general are men of advanced views, who advocate the ends aimed at by the measures we have named, and, broadly speaking, all progressive and reformatory ends, however they may differ as to the means by which they are to be attained. There is thus a common ground on which a great number of earnest and patriotic thinkers may profitably meet; and a Reform Club would certainly constitute an excellent means whereby the intelligence and influence of such thinkers could be conveniently aggregated and effectively employed.

There are many gentlemen in the community, who have not only brains but influence and money, who see the needless and increasing evils that afflict the state, and who would gladly do something to remedy them; but who feel that their mere votes are of little avail, and know not precisely how to apply for good the means within their control. Such individuals would be attracted by the name and purposes of a Reform Club, and forces that are now unemployed would so be utilized to the public benefit. Indeed, it would hardly be too sanguine to expect that the choicest and ripest intellects in the community would be brought together by such a club, and that it would, in this respect, be more creditable to the metropolis and to the country than any similar society yet founded in the United States. The attractions of daily intercourse with numbers of other minds, all of which had dwelt more or less upon elevated and patriotic subjects, should certainly have an improving effect upon each individual intelligence; and qualities and capacities would be thus brought into play that might have lain dormant

under circumstances less propitious. It is quite true that an organization like the Free Trade League to some extent furnishes these advantages; but every one familiar with the matter will admit that this extent must fall short of the facilities of a club. Stated meetings for business purposes are always more or less dry, and a pretty constant supply of enthusiasm is required to prompt regular attendance. Each member is apt to think that a sufficient quorum will be present without himself, and the effect of numbers and of variety of thought and suggestion is thus irregularly diminished. Beside this, in a business population like ours, the day meetings customary with the Free Trade League labor under drawbacks that can hardly be overcome. It is easy to say that people ought to make their private business subservient to the public good, and that when they profess themselves stanch friends of a particular reform it is their duty to sacrifice themselves for its advancement; yet if the object to be gained is the triumph of the principles of free trade and not the censorship of individual morals, it will be wise to bring to bear the greatest number of easily applied forces, and to give the convenience of the situation precedence of its ethical claims. The Free Trade League has lately shown great vitality and energy, as we have already observed; but it is probable that it never holds a meeting that would not be stronger and more effective but for the absence of valuable members whom business keeps away. In a Reform Club, at which meetings could be held in mass or in committee by day or night, according to convenience, the advantage would be serious. It has proved to be great in London, and, for obvious reasons, would be still greater in New York.

We earnestly hope that the suggestion of this article will bear fruit, and that none will be prejudiced against it on account of its source. There are plenty able to further the project who, while they may have been opposed in other respects, can harmonize with enthusiasm in this. There is room for a Reform Club in the metropolis. New York has none occupying such a position as it would fill, or anything even distantly resembling such a position, and there are members of prominent clubs who would be better pleased and better suited than they are by membership in the kind of club we propose. The good that such a body could effect for the community at large can hardly be over-estimated, and the stimulus it would afford to intellectual activity at the capital of the nation is beyond dispute. We hope the plan may be carried into effect, and that it will be done by the Free Trade League. Should that body undertake the creation of a Reform Club with the energy and zeal that have lately characterized its proceedings, the successful and permanent establishment of such a club might be set down at once as a certainty.

"SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE."

TO an observant mind the late Spring Opening, with its fresh avalanche of impossible bonnets and unimaginable robes, may have suggested some curious reflections. If, as the poet of poets assures us, there be sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks, why should there not be homilies in round hats and warnings in walking-dresses? To us, there is something of deeper significance than the lightness of the subject would seem to warrant in these fantastic freaks of the ever-changeful Fashion. It is not in itself, except, perhaps, to the treasurer of the family or the purveyor of the modes, a matter of very grave importance that with every successive season the votaries and victims of the fickle goddess should have to change the manner of their livery, that the dress which was stylish and becoming last week should suddenly prove to be antiquated and dowdy to-day. Fashion's caprices, after all, are only reflections from the capricious minds of the lovely beings who are at once Fashion's arbiters and slaves. It is not so remarkable, indeed we should rather count on it, that the thing which pleased them yesterday should fail to please them to-day; but there is something almost portentous in the violence and swiftness of these changes. And following out the train of reflection thus suggested, we are surprised to find in this only one of many signs of what seems to be the spirit of the times. Not alone in fashion, but in politics, in business, in the social economy, in religion, we are consumed by a thirst for change. New and unheard-of styles of garments flutter in our thoroughfares, new systems of laws govern our states, new men are dragged from native obscurity to occupy rather than fill our public places, new moral codes are devised to regulate an altered society, new faiths supplant the old. More and more every day the rage for mere novelty, the impatience and disdain of precedent, grows and takes possession of us. Nothing is too wild or improbable for belief, so long as it differs totally from what we have been in the habit of believing. That cautious conservatism of our forefathers which stood upon the ancient ways, and hesitated long to admit that innovation could be improvement, we have cast aside with scorn. For us to know that a thing is new, is to have assurance of its excellence. Age has ceased to be a title of respect or a claim to reverence, and all the idols of a past we despise are falling before our iconoclastic fury.

Doubtless to some future contemplator, though scarcely a praiser, of our time, this will occur as the prominent and curious characteristic of the age—its iconoclastic and innovating spirit. We do not observe it, or only partially and at rare intervals, in some one of those flashes of intuitive consciousness which supply the lack of historical perspective. Even then we are far from realizing the depth of its influence or the magnitude of its results; but we see enough to appreciate the singularity of its processes.

We see around us men and women clad in strange raiment and walking in strange ways, whose main ambition seems to be to differ from others and even from their former selves, whose sole prayer is the Pharisee's thank-offering that they are not as others about them. We find the old-fashioned virtues forgotten and in disgrace, and things which we once held for vices set up in our high places and crowned with all our laurels. We see our national polity radically changed by men whose sole criterion of right in their sweeping alterations seems to be newness, and whose contempt for tradition and teaching is only less surprising than their worship of chimera and folly. Society is in the hands of people whose names are as new, but scarcely as bright as their gold, and the marriage altar is avowedly lit with the fires of the darker Venus. Even our God, when we come to examine Him, is a strange God, who interests himself in primary meetings and takes bibulous Congressmen and flatulent chaplains into His intimate and secret councils; a God who waits at the door of His Temple while the High Priests offer incense to the money-changers within—the God, in short, of Mr. Beecher and Mr. Newman, not the God of Moses and the Mount.

A rather wise man said rather long ago that there was nothing new under the sun. Perhaps, if he had been wise enough to have lived till our more enlightened day, he might have found reason to revise his opinion. It was almost impossible that our frantic and desperate chase for novelty should go entirely unrewarded. Our steam-engines and sewing-machines may have had their archetypes in the pyramidal Patent Office of some antediluvian Ptolemy; the preposterous creeds which clothe us in unhallowed comfort may be only the cast-off exuviae of some long dead error; the very crimes whose originality consoles us may be only the late found heritage of the intestate Cities of the Plain. But though our hunt for that which Solomon disbelieved in has won us only Dead Sea apples that turn to ashes in the bite, we shall have given to the world in the novelty of our example a fruit which is sounder though not less bitter. The spectacle of a people enriched with all the harvested wisdom of all the ages, beacons with a thousand warning lights, blessed with every conceivable aid and adjunct of material prosperity, of mental enlightenment, and moral greatness, deliberately flinging aside its high birthright, dethroning and dishonoring intellect and virtue to abase itself at the feet of ignorance and crime, deliberately rushing to wreck and ruin, with

"Lust at the prow and Mammon at the helm,"

—such a spectacle surely is a new thing under the sun. When the crash comes we shall find it, perhaps, not the pleasantest of novelties, but it will, probably, be the most lasting.

Perhaps, if we chose to reflect a little, we might find the means to justify our craving for change in a way that would be not less satisfactory and much less pernicious. Simplicity in dress and manners, honesty and devotion to country in politics, purity in domestic life, piety in religion—these would be innovations strange enough to gratify all our hunger. But such hope is wildest vagary. The current runs down too swiftly; it is only the strong swimmers, not the idle floaters, that love to go against the stream. And so we all sweep on—toward what sea?

POPULAR TEACHING.

MR. GREELEY, who exhibits of late decided signs of alarm over the rising strength of the free-trade revival, took occasion last week to object to the plan of popular education adopted by the Free Trade League, as indicated by the employment of Professor Perry to lecture in support of their cherished principles. Mr. Greeley thinks that instruction thus conveyed to the popular mind must needs be of a flimsy and superficial character. He says in the *Tribune*, April 22:

"We may be allowed to say that popular lectures upon subjects that embrace a wide range of facts, a great knowledge of practical details, a large, and at the same time an exact, history of national experiences in a perplexing variety of conditions, and an industrious comparison of data, which only the most cautious and sedulous study can command, are very apt to be superficial and illusory in proportion to their popularity; and we may add that the *ad captandum* style and drift generally adopted is specially liable to the charge of charlatanism. For illustration, let us look a moment at the neat little dozen of free-trade aphorisms in which the League has embodied for popular use the soul and substance of its doctrines," etc., etc.

Mr. Greeley is quite right. Unlike most things that appear in his paper, the statement embodied in this paragraph is at once disagreeable to the masses and logically accurate. It is perfectly true that popular lectures upon subjects that embrace all the things Mr. Greeley mentions "are very apt to be superficial and illusory, in proportion to their popularity." They are not, however, certain to be so; and there is no better way of insuring against such a contingency than by putting in the field as public instructors men like Professor Perry, who possess and have at their fingers' ends "a wide range of facts, a great knowledge of practical details, a large, and at the same time an exact, history of national experiences in a perplexing variety of conditions, and an industrious comparison of data, which only the most cautious and sedulous study can command." Mr. Greeley's general proposition is sound enough, whether applied to lectures advocating free trade or lectures advocating protection. We may add that it is equally applicable to newspaper articles on these or any other subjects. If, however, it is peculiarly or emphatically applicable to anything, it is to those tenets of extreme, unrestrained democracy of which Mr. Greeley has been all his life so diligent and successful an expounder.

There may be benefits in those tenets to outweigh their evils; but no sane man who has not a point to carry with a crowd can deny that such tenets or their exposition are apt to be superficial and illusory in proportion to their popularity; or that the *ad captandum* style and drift generally adopted in such exposition is specially liable to the charge of charlatanism; and that this is true in a striking degree of journals, like the *Tribune*, that have wide circulation and extended popularity. A remarkable proof of this is, that in such journals we never by any chance see anything like criticism of democratic institutions. It is susceptible of positive demonstration that, without such criticism, democratic institutions cannot permanently exist in this or any other country. Every tolerable proficient in political history will concede this without demur. Yet the most widely circulated newspapers in the country, which are also necessarily those most closely wedded to extreme democracy, never for an instant permit in their columns that preserving salt of criticism without which the system they profess to worship is certain to rot and decay. As we are bound to believe that the conductors of successful newspapers are exceptionally sagacious men, the fact we mention admits of but one inference, which is, that they do not choose to risk present popularity and influence even for the sake of the stability and permanence of the political principles they prefer to all others. A stupendous consequence of this reticence on the part of the press is now hanging over the country like a huge black cloud. The people are losing faith in democracy, not because they have heard it abused, but because they have never heard it other than praised. The popular appetite has been so cloyed with intemperate and extravagant eulogies, there has been so little of the wholesome bitter of censure, that when the hour of trial comes and the people see that universal suffrage and unbridled democracy do not prevent heavy taxes, do not prevent official corruption, do not prevent the centralizing tendencies that threaten to be fatal to all local self-governments, a distrust springs up of this panacea that was to forestall all future, as it had cured all past, political evil, and the country, if not ripe, as some will have it, for an empire, assuredly yearns for some kind of change. We quite agree with Mr. Greeley's disapproval of the superficial and illusory, the *ad captandum* style, and the drift generally adopted, which is specially liable to the charge of charlatanism. We would gladly see all these unwholesome qualities eliminated from popular discourses, whether delivered from rostrum or in newspaper, and whether they treat of commercial laws or democratic principles; but the poor rule that won't work both ways should never be forgotten here, and the candor and thoroughness justly bespoken for one class of discussion should be made universally applicable to all.

MAY-DAY.

Then came Fayre May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around;
Upon two brothers' shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; each on either side
Supported her, like to their sovaine queene.
Lord! how all creatures laugh when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc'd as they had ravish beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttered all in greene.

SO sang Spenser three centuries ago, and poets before and since, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have chanted the praises of the fair goddess in similar strains. What more natural than that the outbreak into beauty which nature makes at this season should excite in people of all classes and climes feelings of joy and exuberant delight that find expression in pastoral ditties and rural festivities? But it is not in the crowded marts of commerce, not in the busy hives of human industry, that the "jouissances" of the season can be felt and appreciated. We must leave behind the dull dead miles of brick and stucco that enclose the thronged sidewalks, the vitiated pent-up air of the myriad-peopled city, the daily routine that stifles within us the poetry and romance of nature, and hie away to the sunlit skies and fields, the flowery meads and woods where the rippling of the brooks and the music of the feathered songsters recall visions of boyish days, when the world was one vast Eden and every one was perfectly happy. The old rhymers describe May as a beautiful maiden, clothed in sunshine, radiant with mirth and melody, scattering flowers on the earth in her festive progress, giving a rich greenness to the young corn, and making the grass tall enough for the flowers to play hide-and-seek among as they are chased by the wind.

A stroll in the country at this season is indescribably charming. The dazzling white of the daisies and the scattering gold of the buttercups would be almost too lustrous to look upon but for the soft bordering of green in which they are set. We hear the song of the milkmaid in the early morning, and catch glimpses of the shining pail upon her head between the openings in the hedges, or watch her as she passes through the fields with her gown tucked up to prevent it dragging in the dew. The grey-clad figure of the angler moves dimly through the morning mist that still lingers beside the river; and the early school-boy, who has a long way to go, loiters and lays down his books to peep under almost every hedge and bush in quest of birds' nests. The little village maiden tripping along on some morning errand, with the long curtain of her cotton bonnet hanging down her neck, "buttons up" her little eyes to look at us as she faces the sun, or shades her forehead with her hand to watch the skylark soaring and singing on its way to the great silvery pavilion of clouds that float aloft in the blue vault of heaven. Each wood-fringed field, each leafy grove, rings the live-long day with incessant songs. From out the sky comes the cawing of the rook, now faintly heard far overhead, now startling us by its sudden cry while flying so low that we can trace its moving shadow on the grass. In these shady recesses the cooing of the ring-doves falls upon the ear, and when they cease for a few moments the interval is filled up by a general chorus, in which it is almost impossible to distinguish one little performer from the other. From the rich green pas-

tures, come sounds of pleasant life—the bleating of the sheep and the musical jingling of their bells as they move along to some fresh patch of tempting herbage; the lowing of full-uddered cows that morn and night brim the milk-pails and make much extra work in the dairy, where the rosy-cheeked maidens sing merrily over their pleasant work. In the centre of the rich milk-yielding meadows stands the great farm-house, suggestive of cooling curds and whey, luscious cheese-cakes and custards, cream that you might cut, and strawberries growing in rows before the beehives in the garden; and we go along licking our lips at the fancied taste, and thinking how these pleasant dainties lose all their country flavor when carried into the distant cities.

The Romans celebrated the season by "floralia," or floral games, and nations deriving their descent from them have continued somewhat similar festivities. In England, so late as a century or two ago, it was customary for the middle and humbler classes to go forth at an early hour to gather flowers and hawthorn branches, which they brought home about sunrise with music and merry-making to decorate the doors and windows of their houses. To this custom the author of the *Shepherd's Calendar* alludes in his exclamation:

" . . . Oh! that I were there,
To helpen the lads their May-bush to bear."

And these doggerel stanzas from an old ballad, sung by the "poor Mayers," refer to the same practice:

"We have been employing all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now return'd back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lorde's hands.

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

The hawthorn bloom was commonly called "May," and the ceremony, the "bringing home the May." An expedition to the woods was spoken of as "going a-Maying."

"Come let us all a-Maying go,
And lightly trip it to and fro."

The lads and lasses met and danced and sang together with the freedom of innocence and simplicity, and even the king and queen often mingled with the villagers on such festive occasions. In the days of Henry VIII. the heads of the corporation of London went out into the high grounds of Kent to gather the "May," Henry and Catherine going to meet them on their return. The fairest maid of the village was decorated in flowers and ribbons as Queen of the May, placed on a floral throne and drawn or carried through the streets in joyful procession to the village green, where she sat in state the rest of the day, an object of mingled admiration and envy. Tennyson has immortalized this old relic of heathen days in one of the tenderest and most pathetic ballads that poet ever sang. In France the Queen was known as the "Virgin of May," and was placed under a gothic arch or porch, while her attendants solicited offerings "for the May" from the passers-by. Nearly every village or town had its "May-pole" dressed in flowers and branches, with gayly-colored ribbons and wreaths of flowers suspended from it, around which the Mayers danced nearly the whole day. Washington Irving, in his *Sketch Book*, gives a charming description of his delight at seeing, for the first time, one of these fragments of the olden days near the picturesque and ancient city of Chester.

One curious London May custom, now nearly obsolete, was that of "walking the boundaries" during what were called the "gange days." The officials of each parish, attended by men armed with hammers and crowbars, and followed by the school-boys and all the loafers and idlers of the district, yearly walked around the parish boundaries. All buildings erected or obstacles of any kind standing in their path were demolished. Occasionally the processions gave rise to sharp hostilities and ended in a general scrimmage, but often they were varied by ludicrous incidents. On one occasion a deep and dirty canal was found crossing the line of procession, and long and profound were the consultations to preserve official robes from being soiled and yet fulfil duty's stern behests. At length a shiftless individual for a consideration offered to be dragged across the filthy ooze. The scape-goat was accepted, and the procession after a circuitous digression resumed its course. On another, a nobleman's coach stood right in the way. Its owner was temporarily absent and the stubborn Jehu refused to move. A bright thought struck the foremost beadle. Opening the door, he thrust in his cocked hat, passed through to the opposite side, and was followed by all the rabble at his heels, the driver looking on in paralyzed amazement.

In the old Alban calendar May was the second month of the year, in that of Romulus the third, and the fifth in the one instituted by Numa Pompilius. The origin of the name is somewhat doubtful, but the month was probably so called in honor of the Majores of the Senate under the old Roman constitution. By our Saxon forefathers it was named *Tri-milchi*, as the improved herbage at that time enabled the cows to be milked three times a day. In the ecclesiastical calendar May-day is dedicated to St. Asaph, a young Welshman converted to Christianity by Kentigern in the sixth century, and founder of the cathedral and see of that name. The church built on the Elwy, a tributary of the Clwyd, flowing through one of the richest and most romantic valleys of North Wales, was appropriately named Llanelwy; but, being destroyed by fire, the new edifice was called, in honor of its first bishop, St. Asaph. The present occupier of that see is Dr. Thomas Vowler Short, who was translated to it in 1846 from the bishopric of Sodor and Man. He is a venerable old man, in his eightieth year, with snowy hair and a face of singular sweetness and beauty of expression. One touching incident in his life deserves to be better known. Shortly after his translation he had the misfortune to lose his wife, whom he adored with more than usual constancy and devotion. She has been sleeping for nearly a quarter of a century beneath the shade of the cloister wall, but during all that time the good old bishop has never missed a day, in heat or cold, in sunshine or storm, in which, when at home, he has not visited her grave and placed upon the grassy turf that covers the remains of the loved one a bouquet of freshly-gathered flowers—a touching tribute to the memory of departed worth.

CROW'S FEET;

OR,

PROLUSIONS OF THE EXPERIENCE CLUB.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

THIRD PAPER.

"DOCTOR," said the Colonel, "what do you think of the propriety of introducing dancing in fancy Sunday-schools?"

"I have often wondered why it was that they played the liveliest tunes in the churches during the most solemn part of the service," replied the Doctor.

"I never observed that," said the Colonel. "In the most solemn part of the service—which is the most solemn part of the service?"

"When the collection is taken up, to be sure," replied the medical man with great gravity.

"Take a pinch of snuff, Doctor," said the Colonel gallantly; "but you have evaded my question. It is most astonishing to me to witness the rapid rise of frivolities in connection with sacred themes. What I tell you may surprise you, as it did me when I first heard it, but it is nevertheless true that 'Old Hundred and Greenland's Icy Mountain Galops' are getting to be quite the rage. So why not begin at the Sunday-school, and instruct the children in the sacred music of the deux-temps, the redowa, and the polka?"

"And you might add," said the Doctor, "a few lectures on religious upholstery and gas-fittings to complete their theological education."

"The matter is becoming one of serious importance," growled out George Grotius. "Frivolity is the order of the day. But there comes the Commodore."

[Enter Commodore. He gravely takes the arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire, lights his pipe, and smokes in silence.]

To him George Grotius: "You look glum to-day, seafaring man! What is the matter?"

The Commodore smoked on; at last he broke silence by repeating the burden of a rusty old ballad:

"Si fortuna me torment-a
Esperanza me content-a."

"I have been vexed at seeing the number of new buildings going up in this respectable suburban town, every one of them with a French roof on it. French roofs, as we say in Jersey, are 'good enough'; but even the repetition of a good thing becomes tiresome. The American mind wanders not out of its ordinary sheep-track. While it is capable of inventing such trifles as steamboats and telegraphs, it has rarely employed itself upon the construction of a symmetrical house-roof. I can look out of the dining-room window of my residence upon several efforts of genius in this line—the crowning glories of the cottages and villas in the surrounding country, and can safely say, that the only evidence of taste displayed in any of them is that every man, in building his own roof, has taken good care to make it as unlike those of his neighbors as possible."

"By gum," said Uncle Benny, "'taint every man in this country that knows how to build a ruff."

"A rough!" echoed the Commodore; "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

"Ah!" said Dr. Dormouse, "it is in the eternal fitness of things that our 'cock-loft covers' should be known in this country as 'roughs.' There is one that I can see from my office-window, with a hipped centre over the doorway as big as a pigeon-house; the rest of the 'rough' extending about twenty feet each way from the pigeon-house, beautifully finished off at one end with a carved and ornamented pediment and at the other with a truncated gable. The hind part of this superb structure starts off at right angles with the main 'rough,' and after affording sufficient covering for the apartments over the dining-room and kitchen, ends suddenly in eaves not much wider than the gutter. The effect of the whole is rendered still more agreeable to the eye by the chimneys, just peeping above the ridge-pole, which suggest the idea of a man with his hat knocked over his eyes. The next edifice is a regular fore-and-after, of the ancient *Barnic* order of architecture, the whole width of the 'rough' being parallel to the road; while, beyond it, another villa is plumped down on a hill-side, with its gable end fronting the same road, and its ornamental chimney, in the shape of a Spanish street-shrine, built upon the very apex of the acute pediment."

"Near to the humble tenement where I reside," said George Grotius, "is a large square house upon an uprising lawn, with porches and balconies in the Italian style. The 'rough' on this (with scarcely any projecting eaves to give it character) rises with four equal sides to a summit, upon which is perched a huge wooden sentry-box with windows, surrounded by several low apoplectic chimneys, that seem to be arranged around the high sentry-box on purpose to insure its taking fire from chance stray sparks and high winds at the earliest moment. On the other side of the road is a handsome house with a roof built in graceful curves, each side presenting the appearance of a Venetian awning; the top is nearly flat and surrounded by a useless balustrade, heavy enough for the heaviest old stone-bridge ever crossed by a feudal baron in the Waverley Novels, and flanked by four chunks of chimneys with ornamented tops of wonderful porosity and ponderosity."

"Go on, George Grotius," said the Commodore,—"ring out in plain stout English some account of the rise of these French roofs in their own country."

George Grotius, who, when not interrupted, can literally "talk like a book"—or, as Uncle Benny said, "was as good as a hearin' on a boy's spellen' class in school"—tuned up his sonorous pipes and began:

"The glorious old French architect whose roofs have been so rapidly Americanized within the past few years, whose genius is helping us out of these perplexities, and thereby beautifying the exteriors as well as the interiors of our city and country dwellings, is also the builder of the dome of the Hôpital des Invalides, the architect of the palaces of Versailles, Marly, the Great Trianon, and other magnificent edifices. Jules Hardouin Mansard is the nephew of Francis Mansard, an older and greater but less ambitious architect. It is related by Voltaire that 'Francis Mansard, one of the greatest architects France ever had, was chosen to construct the vast edifices which were projected, but he refused the employ unless he might have liberty to do over again what should appear to him defective in the execution.' He would have a lively time of it, if he had

the privilege of reconstructing many of the so-called Mansard 'roughs' in this land of liberty! It is to an anecdote of this Francis Mansard that we probably owe some immortal lines of Goldsmith. The story is thus told:

"Louis XIV., taking the air in the gardens of Versailles with his courtiers, saw Mansard, the architect, walking through one of the alleys. He soon joined the old man, and Mansard taking off his hat, as was strict etiquette in the presence of his sovereign, the Grand Monarque, lifting up his hand in friendly reprehension, said, 'Pray keep it on. The evening is damp, and you may take cold!' The courtiers, who were all standing bareheaded around the king, as was the custom, stared at each other at this extraordinary show of courtesy. But Louis XIV., observing their surprise, said, 'Gentlemen, you appear amazed; but learn this, I can make a duke or a marquis with my own breath, but God only can make a Mansard.'"

"Ah!" said Dr. Dormouse—"how are you, Dr. Goldsmith?"

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

"The improvement known as the 'French,' or, more properly speaking," continued George Grotius, "the Mansard roof, had been nearly two hundred years in use on the other side of the Atlantic before it was introduced here. It was scarcely known in America until within a few years, Mr. Corcoran's beautiful edifice, dedicated to art, and presented by its munificent owner to the city of Washington, being among the first, if not the very first, erected in this country. But since its introduction the French roof has become the rage. Quiet old family mansions, the representative types of a multitudinous race of wrong-headed architects, have suddenly been unroofed, and the old pig-sty pediments cast aside to make room for the later, the more commodious, and the more elegant structure. Nobody builds a new house now, nobody would dare to build a new house now, with any other style of roof than *à la Française*. The consequence is that the future New Zealander, standing not upon the ruins of London Bridge and surveying the mouldering arches of St. Paul's, but upon any railroad track running through a new or a middle-aged American village, would be struck with the fresh crop of 'Mansards' that saluted his eye at every turn."

"Is there no danger, George," inquired the Doctor, "of a social convulsion in regard to these roofs? Will young Mrs. Paragon, who resides under a beautiful 'Mansard,' continue to visit old Madame Archimedes under a pig-sty pediment? Is there no danger of fashionable people cutting the acquaintance of any except nice French-roof persons?"

"By my soul, Doctor," said George Grotius, "I think we had better look about and get the 'rough' of the old Club House altered, or we shall be left out of society entirely; but seriously—while we now are adopting the most ornate and the most commodious roof that we could adopt to give character to the great majority of our country houses, let us observe some few rules and not depart too much from the original style itself. The French, or Mansard roof is, properly speaking, a curb roof, in shape like this, said George, illustrating it by a diagram. The rafters of the roof, instead of continuing straight down from the ridge to the walls, are at a given height received on plates, which in their turn are supported by rafters less inclined to the horizon, whose bearing is through the medium of the wall-plate directly on the walls. Thus, the profile of the roof has a *bent* appearance, which gives it a sort of graceful variety that takes away the stiffness of the ordinary architecture of the building. To diversify this roof with ornamental dormer windows requires taste and tact, but its form is so simple that convenience in the interior arrangement will usually be guide enough to determine the outside places of the windows, their height, and so forth."

"Some of these new-made roofs are carried up in straight lines from the cornice, and surmounted by a flat top. This certainly is the most economical shape that can be adopted, at the same time affording the greatest inside room, but they often give the house a top-heavy look, with rigid square lines above, like a mechanic's paper cap—very useful, but not always ornamental. But these plain roofs, although hard in outline, are far better than roofs of some styles decked off with numerous projections known as 'carpenters' ornaments,' or 'confectioners' gothic.' There are two or three within a half-hour's walk of the club, without the curb form, but as square as an artificer's paper cap. Out of one of these a stinging pediment projects, right over the central part of the roof. Another has a round-arch Norman window, stuck like a huge eyebrow in front, between two penurious little pinched-up chimneys. A third has—believe it if you will—a great square tower, rising a story and a half above the roof, and finished off as regular and flat on the top as a four-square Oxford student's cap. Around this heavy tower the dormer windows are equipped with heavy arches, heavy brackets to support the arches, formed by heavy scrolls, beneath which the house looks like old Mrs. Washington Potts under old Mrs. Washington Potts's lace cap. Now, why should people be in such a hurry? Time is money! Not the time that is spent in bewailing the useless expenditure of money on bad architecture, but that more precious time which is really worth money—the time that a man will take to construct his roof of pasteboard to a scale—say an inch to five feet; the time to cut it; the time to join it together; the time to alter it and get it just right before he calls in either architect or carpenter. Then he will find that common sense is his best guide, economy his sure reward, and his crowning glory a symmetrical roof. His children will applaud it, his wife will be satisfied with it. The neighborhood will be decorated with it, and it will be a thing of—but I forget the rest of the quotation."

"Bravo, George Grotius! Go ahead. That fine burst of eloquence on the wife and children is equal to anything in Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*! Nothing like bringing in the wife and children to wind up a period. I never had either, and, perhaps, do not feel a due sense of gratitude in consequence. But I always notice that those who have these expensive luxuries usually work them in when a speech is required, and then I always feel the greatness of my deprivation, for they are—bully on a climax!"

"For my part," said the Commodore, "I thank you, George, for giving us so much information in reply to a stray shot of mine; and, beside its other good effects, your discourse has given me a capital appetite."

Omnes: "So say we all of us!"



"I see Mrs. Memphramagog a-brilin' of some quail, and a-rosten some patridge, as I came through the kitchen jest now," said Uncle Benny.

"Let him who sighs in sadness here,
Rejoice, and know a friend is near!"

said the Commodore.

"Gentlemen, Mrs. Memphramagog! Happy to see you looking so well this evening, madam; so fresh and so fair! You need not tell us—we know it already. Did Uncle Benny contribute his basket of celery? So—all is well. Gentlemen, take arms! Uncle Benny, give me your left flipper. Mrs. Memphramagog, we attend you to the supper-room."

A MORNING IN PARIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF *Paris in Sunlight and by Lamplight*.

IT is nine o'clock in the morning. About this time that part of Paris which makes it what it is, the head and the heart of the city—the Boulevards—begin to move. I do not say that Paris wakes up at this hour. Is there ever a time when Paris sleeps? "What an uproar there would be in the world if Paris were once to be silent."

"Quel bruit ferait le monde,
Le jour où Paris se tairait."

Paris has closed its eyes—Paris opens them again—that is all. It is nine o'clock in the morning. We step out of one of the three lofty doors of the Grand Hotel. What is the Grand Hotel? A palace in which, especially since the last subjugation, the kings of the earth have dwelt: a world in miniature; a hotel with seven hundred chambers, sixty waiters, thirty cooks, twenty-five washerwomen, and an army of door-keepers, grooms, chambermaids, and house-servants. "A hotel," do I say? A town rather—built from the ground upwards; and by no means a small town, for it numbers twelve hundred inhabitants. This town has a telegraph bureau, a pneumatic railroad, and a post-office. It has its own café, its own cigar store, its own optician, its own barber's saloon, its own tailor's shop, where, as every inhabitant is informed soon after his arrival, "state uniforms are embroidered." It has its own bookstore, and, in the name of all that is good, what has it not? It has its own newspaper—*La Gazette des Etrangers*—written and printed in the hotel, and edited by the famous Henri de Père, who is renowned as a writer, and more renowned as a duellist. But do not be afraid of his paper. It is very witty and very amusing, and is every morning gratuitously placed, yet wet from the press, in each room of the hotel. The town which contains all these wonders is five stories high. Each story has three districts or quartiers—Quartier de Scribe, Quartier du Boulevard, and Quartier de l'Opéra. It has fifteen streets, on the corners of which a tin-plate informs you of the name and the number, as in any other city. But what model streets these are! They are nicely covered with carpets, adorned with wall mirrors, pleasantly warmed in winter, comfortably shady in summer, full of amusement by day, and at night as splendidly illuminated as a ball saloon. One can imagine that with its fifteen streets and twelve hundred inhabitants the place must be very noisy. The quietness that prevails is one of its objects of admiration. No servant bearing trunks, loaded as was the ark of Noah, passes up the stair with thundering noise. No waiters run to and fro in haste and confusion. Platforms ascend from the lowest to the highest story, and quietly convey baggage and persons to the desired point. The electric telegraph does the rest. You know that this does its work in silence. Halls, adorned like the castles of princes, open before your astonished gaze, having Persian carpets and ceilings beautifully painted, resplendent in gilding, and ornamented with mahogany, marble, lace, and velvet. Newspapers in abundance lie upon the tables. The languages of many lands are heard, but uttered in subdued tones that others may not be disturbed. The murmurings of an entire world enter your ears, but gently as the waves of the mighty ocean when their force is spent upon the beach. Before you, in the court of honor, under glass-covered halls, before broad sandstone steps, between rows of lofty oleanders, roll stately carriages to and fro. Behind you in a magnificent saloon, filled with rows of tables, covered with the finest linen and laden with the most costly porcelain, silver services are being arranged for dinner.

But I have said—it is nine o'clock in the morning. We stand before the Grand Hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines. Beautiful Boulevard, now thou art opening thine eyes! There stands the Madeleine, that glorious house of God which, with its lofty flight of steps ascending heavenwards, appears at night, or in the grey mist of the morning, like a vision of ancient times and distant lands—so far, and yet so near—so foreign, and yet so home-like; for what were the Boulevard des Capucines without the Madeleine? And what would it be without the flowers which, like a garland newly gathered, surround the beautiful church with variegated forms of beauty? No; the flowers and the flower-sellers of the Madeleine must not be absent when the day begins in Paris. Fragrant morning greeting do ye bestow. How pleasantly begin the hours which are now creeping over the wide streets! How pleasant the smile of these flower maidens, and how light and gracious their movements! This pleasant smile is the charm—the mystery—the art of Paris. How easy it is to laugh heartily, and yet how seldom do we hear a genuine laugh. To be always laughing is to play the idiot; but ever to smile is something far different. The smile is the poetry of the countenance, the finest bloom of the intellect; and Paris smiles and smiles constantly. The Chevalier Morin, a brave cavalier who came to Paris in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, wrote to his friends in Italy: "In France every conversation is commenced with a ballet." This is certainly better than to begin it, as is done in some countries, with a blow.

How beautifully the labors of the day begin in Paris! In every direction the shutters of the stores and of the cafés are thrown open. The first objects which you see in the show-windows are beautiful maidens, under whose skilful hands arises with magical celerity that which we call *étalage*, meaning by this the general arrangement of the articles to be displayed. I have not noticed that they reflect upon the matter or bestow any special attention upon the subject. It all seems to rise spontaneously, and yet it is so beautiful. I have spent hours in wandering from one window to another and noticing the beautiful arrangements, the variety, the picturesqueness of the display. The most ordinary objects, such as hats, rings, shoes, iaces, and mantles, are arranged so charmingly as to produce a wonderful effect. Their beauty irresistibly attracts you. This little artist who so well understands how to arrange bouquets and ribbons that they attract my gaze as I pass, and compel me to pay a minute's tribute, is

she not thoroughly French? It is the type which sets me thinking. The show-window! How suggestive it is of Paris. This art of arrangement, this attractive smile of the exterior, pervades every region. I look upon Paris as a great show-place of pleasure, to which all the world resorts to be amused.

The clock now strikes ten. Do not be surprised, for in Paris the hours pass swiftly away. The barbers have opened their shops, and the cafés are awaiting their guests. The waiters, in white aprons, have placed newspapers upon the marble tables, laid the "flutes" upon others, and seated at a third are busily engaged in placing radishes in beautiful vases, in such a manner that the red and green may form a proper combination of color. The "flutes" are long, thin loaves of delicious bread, whose acquaintance you will make with great pleasure when you breakfast in a Paris café. It is wonderful how long the French can fast. As their soldiers with a crust of bread have gone into battle and have been shot by thousands on the great slaughter fields before they had taken breakfast, so does the true Parisian see the third part of the day behind him before he sits down to his breakfast. In the most favored cases he begins his labor after a cup of black coffee; thus the journalist writes his articles, the scholar commences his studies, the banker his correspondence, and the idler his promenade. This idle, roaming is a business in Paris.

About twelve, those lofty, magnificent halls, those saloons with pillars and mirrors, with marble tables and plush divans, with comfortable cabinets and cosy corners, full of splendor and beauty, which are called cafés, begin to be filled with people. You will meet these cafés in every direction, especially on the boulevards. In each of them you find that wonderful coffee so praised everywhere, butter like that of Switzerland, and milk like that of the Land of Promise. Every seat and every divan is occupied, and, oh! wonder of wonders, a newspaper for each. The café is to the true Parisian as great an article of necessity as the streets—"that real Parisian who is only at home when he is on the street." Let me here say a word. You will find coffee in all these cafés, but no beef-steaks and no mutton-chops. In this they differ from the Berlin coffee-houses, in which you can find everything but coffee. One who desires a breakfast after the English fashion must seek for a café-restaurant, where both may be found, as in the Café Riche.

It is, indeed, not permitted to everybody to go to Corinth, or at least not to go to Corinth every day. The gold pens of Paris may unite with the golden youths of these times in the rich palaces on the left hand of the boulevards. You will find the journalists, the chroniclers, and the feuilletonists on the right as you go from the Grand Hotel, in the Café Bouvet, the last on the Boulevard Montmartre. Most of these are the sons of the "Latin land," and bear it tenderly in their hearts. To write a feuilleton, interesting, piquant, and amusing, is not such a wonderful art when one is on a boulevard, or has Paris to write in. You can make one between your demi-tasse and cigarette. All you need is an open eye to see what passes, and an open ear to hear the utterances of those around you. The story, the comedy, is going on in the streets. Place Paris upon a blank sheet of paper, and everybody will expect something grand, something amusing, something instructive.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

STAND-POINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I see your correspondent "J. B." thinks he can get the last word on the subject of *stand-point*, by writing such a letter as I shall think it beneath me to notice or to reply to. He is certainly welcome to the last word, and he is welcome to object, as long as he likes, to any evident fact which may or may not appear absurd to him. What he says about words being "of equal value" I do not understand. I have never denied that *standing-point* would be a correct formation, but I think I have shown that *stand-point* also is. When "J. B." informs the world why *stand-point* is not as correct as *dew-point*, *play-ground*, *dye-house*, *wash-tub*, *rain-bow*, *thresh-old*, etc., then I shall admit that my position is an absurdity, but not till then. It may perhaps be information to him that our Saxon forefathers said *spell-böc*, *writ-béc*, the former of which he seems to think so absurd. Perhaps, if it is not too great a favor, he will tell me where I used the words "nobody can object" which he quotes, in order to get an opportunity of saying "I do object."

G. A.

POETRY.

IF?

IF our path were strewed with roses
That concealed no stinging thorn;
If the hour when one joy closes
Saw another newly-born—
If our dreams were full of beauty,
And our waking hours of peace,
Would we feel for those whose duty
Never gives their hearts release?
If our dwelling were a palace,
Where we knew no pang or pain,
Where the red wine in life's chalice
Bore no bitterness, no bane,
Would our sympathies awaken,
Would our velvet hands be spread
For the outcast, the forsaken,
Who has neither home nor bread?
If our raiment were the fairest
That the Indies could afford;
If the daintiest food and rarest
Daily crowned our glittering board,
Could our full hearts know the sorrow
Of the patient, toiling poor,
Who tremble lest to-morrow
Bring gaunt famine to their door?

If we knew no lack, no losses,
Disappointment, toil, nor care,
Would we succor him whose crosses
Are too wearisome to bear?
If we slept on silken couches
Prankt with costly gems, and gold,
Would we pity him who crouches
By the wayside in the cold?

If the world were juster, truer,
In its censure and its praise—
If our doubts and fears were fewer;
Fewer weary nights and days.
If there were no graves behind us
Where the loved and lost ones sleep,
No sweet memories to bind us,
Would we weep with those who weep?

If our hopes were never blasted—
If our love grew never cold;
If our strength and beauty lasted
Till a hundred years were told,
Would our hearts be humbly given
To the giver of such bliss—
Would we ever think of heaven
As a better place than this?

SARAH T. BOLTON.

ELM CROFT, April, 1869.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

THE proprietor of the "River House," in West Haven, stabbed an Irishman in the neck on the 22d ult., severing the jugular vein and causing death.—On the 19th, as a conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was putting off the train a drunken miner, named Duckworth, the latter fired a pistol at him, and the ball struck a man named Johnson, a messenger of the Harnden Express Co., who died within an hour.—Dr. Benjamin Ayer, a Radical member of the Georgia Legislature, was found dead April 16th, near Louisville, having been murdered by a blow with a club on the head. Ayer's pocket-book, containing \$285, was found on a negro named Wilson, who was arrested.—James Walker, a druggist, committed suicide in New York on the 20th, from the effects of long-continued intemperance and dissipation.—The inquest on Warren Blanchard, recently killed at Binghamton, showed he died from two pistol-shots. Mrs. Blanchard and her paramour, James Dewett, are charged with the crime. The former is not yet 17. Blanchard was fifty, kept a brothel, and was supposed to have considerable money.—At Rochester, N. Y., recently, in a drinking saloon, a man named Darcy drove the point of a stove poker into the skull of an Irishwoman, injuring her fatally.—In a quarrel at Westboro', Mass., on the 18th ult., a man named Laffin had an artery in his thigh severed by a gash from a knife, and died almost instantly.—On the 24th ult. Emil Butts, a young German residing in New York, quarrelled with Thomas Hughes, a resident of the same house, and shot him dead on the spot.—Mrs. H. F. Styles, of Kingston, N. Y., who was "tired of life and wanted to go to Heaven," recently attempted suicide by severing an artery in her arm.—Mr. Geo. T. Dalton, a New York broker, shot himself through the head with a pistol on the 24th ult., while riding in a friend's carriage to a club-house in Fifth Avenue.

A fearful accident occurred at Willow Station, near Jamaica, on the Long Island Railroad, on the 23d ult., by which six lives were lost and eleven persons seriously injured. The breaking of a rail, it is supposed, caused the last car of what is known as the Northport train to be thrown from the track. The car turned over on its side, and in this position was dragged for one hundred and fifty feet before the train could be brought to a stand-still. The side was found completely smashed in, and the bodies of the dead and the dying, and those more or less seriously injured, were strewn along the track, presenting a heartrending sight. The passengers on the other cars, which were uninjured, gave prompt assistance, and the sufferers were conveyed without delay to Jamaica and private dwellings in the neighborhood of the accident. Among the killed were Mr. W. C. Rushmore, President of the Atlantic Bank, Brooklyn; Mrs. Matilda Pray, sister-in-law of Mr. Rushmore, and her son, Dr. Orestes M. Pray, and Mr. Patrick C. Shanahan, contractor of the South Side Railroad.—The steamer *Uselda*, conveying discharged soldiers to St. Louis, struck a snag near Sioux City, April 25, her boiler exploding as she sank. Fifty persons are reported missing.

The Illinois State Asylum for the blind was burnt down April 20. No lives lost. Money loss, \$50,000.—A dwelling house and restaurant in Rainbow was destroyed by fire on the 18th ult. Mr. Durnin, the proprietor, lost his life in trying to save his son.—An extensive fire in Morristown, N. J., broke out on the premises of a Mr. Sneed, destroying the out-buildings and completely sweeping over several acres of fruit and shade trees surrounding the house. The grass was very long and dry, not having been cut for several years, and is supposed to have been set on fire by some boys.—A station house at Sancook, N. H., was burnt down on the 18th. Two men confined for drunkenness were nearly suffocated.—Cherry Valley village, Winnebago county, Illinois, was devastated by a huge conflagration on April 19th; loss \$30,000.

Owing to the rapid melting of the snow in the north, and the recent heavy showers, the freshet on the Hudson has been higher this spring than for the last twelve years. From Troy, Albany, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Schenectady, Utica, Fonda, Watertown, and other points along its route, the wires bring us news of low lands inundated, villages and railroad tracks submerged, embankments, piles of timber, dams, bulk-heads, grist-mills, and other objects swept away, but happily attended with no loss of life. The freshet in the Connecticut River has been equally high. Great damage was done along its banks, and railway travel for a time suspended.

The St. George's Society, of New York, held its anniversary dinner at Delmonico's on the 24th. About 150 gentlemen sat down, Mr. Archibald, British consul,

presiding. The banqueting room was decorated with the arms and flags of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, and a full-length portrait of Queen Victoria. Among the toasts were "The day, and all who honor it," "The Queen, God bless her," "The President of the United States," "The memory and genius of Shakespeare," "The armies and navies of England and the United States."

A terrific hailstorm swept over the West on the 19th ult., inflicting much damage to life and property. At St. Louis the loss is estimated at as high as \$100,000. At Dubuque roofs and houses were swept away, one man killed, and many others seriously injured. At Indianapolis the freight depot of the Indiana Central was blown down, various buildings unroofed, the telegraph wires prostrated, and two men killed. At Chicago, Nashville, and other places in the track of the storm the damage was equally great.

Tales of brutality on shipboard have been of late unusually numerous. Another has been added to the list in the case of the American ship *Richard Robinson*, which arrived in New York on the 17th ult. The crew declare they were fearfully abused by the officers, were beaten with brass knuckles, and made to fight for the amusement of their drunken superiors. That some of them were not killed outright is attributed to the interposition of the captain's wife.

An interesting billiard contest came off at Irving Hall, New York, on the 24th, between Melvin Foster and John Deery; French carom game on a four-pocket table, 300 points up. At the close the score stood—Foster 300, Deery 183. In a close game between Foster and Henry Rhines, of Chicago, on the 26th, the former scored 1,200 to the latter's 1,111.

Cain Norris, a negro, charged a few weeks ago with ravishing three white girls at Chambersburg, Pa., has been sentenced to solitary confinement for thirty-five years.

The sum of \$10,000 in notes and a draft was recently stolen from a Mr. Ellison, of Newport, while changing cars at the Suspension Bridge on his way to Iowa. Admiral Farragut is suffering severely from neuralgia.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A HEAVY engagement between the Cuban patriots and the royal troops, near Remedios, was reported on the 19th, but no details have been received.—According to the *Diario*, the insurgents are closely besieging Trinidad.—Two thousand Spanish troops have arrived at Nuevitas.—The Catalonian volunteers have sailed for Jibara.—General Letona, commanding in the central department, has been reinforced by seven thousand troops from Havana.—The report that Villanell, Casanova, and Junce, with 600 of their followers, had surrendered to the Spanish authorities is premature.—The Imperial government has ordered the proceeds of confiscated property to be applied toward defraying the expenses of the war.—The *Gaceta* publishes a manifesto from a large number of native Cubans, influential and wealthy planters, and others, offering their services and property in suppressing the rebellion.—The governor of New Providence has refused the demand of General Dulce to give up the captors of the steamer *Comanditario*.—The forts of Nassau are being strengthened, and the garrisons reinforced, in anticipation of possible complications arising from Spanish outrages on British vessels.

No new nominations have yet been made for the Spanish throne. Serrano declares that Montpensier for king, or the declaration of a republic, are the only alternatives.—The army is to be reorganized on the Prussian system.—In the debate on the constitution, the article guaranteeing universal suffrage was carried, as were also the provisions for the liberty of the press, the freedom of meeting and association, and the right of petition.—By an amendment of the constitution the ex-Queen Isabella and her children are for ever excluded from the Spanish throne.—A treaty of commerce with Great Britain is proposed.—A great republican demonstration took place in Madrid on the 25th.

Reports have been received in London of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller. It is stated that he left Zanzibar in January last for England, *via* the overland route through Cairo.—A clause in the Irish Church bill allowing prelates appointed previous to the passage of the bill to retain their titles and rights of precedence for life has been adopted by the House of Commons. The section providing for the maintenance of certain church buildings as national monuments has been struck out.—It is reported that the American minister, acting on instructions from his government, has made a formal demand for explanations touching the capture of the American brig *Mary Lowell* by a Spanish frigate while in charge of British revenue officials.—The Spanish loan of \$40,000,000 has met with great success on the London Exchange.—The Oxford boat crew have accepted the American challenge for a four-oared race in August next.—Hugh Bradshaw, a well-known Irish magistrate, has been shot in Tipperary.

The freshet on the St. Lawrence has been very high, inundating a great extent of country, and destroying much property. The Canadian government do not intend to recommend the commutation of the sentence of Father McMahon and other Fenians now confined in the penitentiary. A bill to amend the act authorizing the extradition of criminals charged with offences against the United States has been introduced into the House of Commons and read a first time. The government denies having employed any person to act on its behalf in securing a new Reciprocity Treaty.

The civil war in Japan is at an end, the Tycoon having submitted to the Mikado, who is now declared the temporal as well as the spiritual head. The leader of the rebellion is to be imprisoned for life, and other warrior princes confined to their castles. At an audience given to General Van Valkenburg, our minister to Japan, who was accompanied by Commodore Carter, of the *Monocacy*, the Mikado was dressed in a robe of white silk, and petticoat and trousers of crimson, and wore a curious head-dress of fine wire. His face indicated little energy of either mind or character. This was the first and only audience an American has ever had with the Emperor of Japan.

Some young men in Berlin for a wager lately undertook to keep awake for a whole week by drinking coffee, and indulging in active exercises and exciting amusements. At the end of five and a half days two of them yielded to drowsiness; a third soon fell asleep while riding, tumbled from his saddle and broke his arm; a fourth was attacked by severe sickness, and compelled to retire from the list; the fifth held out to the end, but lost twenty-five pounds of flesh in winning the wager.

The Italian budget just presented is satisfactory; the income is increasing, the expenditure steadily decreasing, and no new taxes are necessary. A formidable Mazzinian conspiracy is reported to have been discovered at Milan. The Court of Appeals has unanimously agreed upon the abolition of the death penalty.

In the French Corps Législatif on the 19th ult. a discussion arose on the duties on brandy exported to the United States, and a reduction was suggested as mutually advantageous. Rumors are prevalent in Paris that the Emperor contemplates another *coup d'état* to rid himself of troublesome republican members.

The Hungarian Diet was opened at Pesth, April 23. King Francis Joseph made a peaceful address strongly advocating internal reforms. The Primary School law has passed the Austrian Reichsrath after a strenuous opposition by Polish and Tyrolean members.

Palacio, the insurgent leader, has failed to revolutionize the state of Sinaloa, Mexico. Mazatlan has effected a loan of \$20,000 to build a hospital. The gold diggings in the vicinity of that town have attracted crowds of persons. The town of Huan Clinaga has been completely destroyed by fire. A revolution is imminent in Jalisco.

Lopez is still at bay. The commander of the Brazilian force has refused a bearer of despatches to proceed to General McMahon. The Paraguay prisoners of war released by the allies at Angostura rejoined Lopez.

Intelligence have been received at Gotha that Carl Mauch, a German explorer, had accomplished an important journey through South Africa, passing through countries not before traversed by Europeans.

The Oriental Bank, the *Times* office, and other buildings were destroyed by fire at Singapore, February 16. Loss \$200,000.

Prussia has expressed her satisfaction at the pacific tone of the French government.

Typhus fever has been ravaging Brussels, but is now on the decline. The miners of Mons have resumed work at a small advance.

The Danish *Dagbladet* accuses America of a want of respect to Denmark, touching the acquisition of her West India possessions.

The ice on the Neva is breaking up, and navigation will soon be reopened.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

MADAME GUICCIOLI'S BYRON.*

THIS is a reprint of a translation [?], originally published in England, of the long-expected work of the Countess Guiccioli. It has been republished not only by the Messrs. Harper, but also by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia; by the latter firm in by far the more elegant form. We have now before us a copy of this translation and a copy of the original, and can honestly affirm that we have read both. When the former was sent to us for review we set at once about reading it, but had not proceeded far when, from certain unmistakable marks, we arrived at the conviction that it was very incorrect and gave no true notion of the original. Accordingly, after with considerable difficulty procuring a copy of the book in French, we compared the two to the extent of over fifty pages, counted in the translation. Our convictions have been more than verified, and we would state, in plain terms, that of all the wretched, garbled translations which it has been our lot to read, this is by far the worst. It is not, in fact, a translation at all; it is a kind of paraphrase, being abridged in some places and amplified in others. As it will, perhaps, hardly be believed that a translation deserving to be thus characterized could have been given to the world by three different publishers, we shall adduce proof in support of the justice of our severe verdict.

In the first place, the title of the work has been changed in the translation, and the change gives altogether a false impression of the real character of the book. The title of the original is, *Lord Byron, jugé par les témoins de sa Vie*, which gives a perfectly correct idea of the contents of the work. The countess's own recollections of Byron do not occupy one-fiftieth part of the book, which is to a large extent made up of quotations from the lives of Byron written by Moore, Galt, Parry, and Gamba, and of the recorded opinions of persons more or less intimately acquainted with him. The modest title of the original, however, it seems was not sufficiently sensational for the English and American publishers. Of course not! Considering the questionable relation of the countess to the poet, what could be more tempting than a title which is virtually equivalent to *Recollections of Byron, by his quondam Mistress and others?* What a quantity of interesting iniquity and veiled pruriency a work with such a name must necessarily contain! And if the book sell, what matter though truth be sacrificed and the author placed in an entirely false position? The fact is, that the work is altogether an unexceptionable one, that the author mentions herself only incidentally, and that the peculiar relation in which she stood to Byron is not once directly alluded to. It is but fair to say that, as far as the alteration of the title is concerned, the American publishers are to blame only in this respect, that they reprinted a book without having examined sufficiently into its merits. The change of title, we suppose, though we have not seen the English edition, is due to the English publisher.

The discrepancy between the title of the original and that of the translation is no greater than that between the original and translation generally. We are not at present going to speak of the work itself, but shall devote a separate paper to its merits and demerits. Whatever, however, may be its character, we wish to show that what is called a translation is nothing of the kind.

To begin with, the passages quoted (and translated) by the author from other writers are dealt with in the most arbitrary way. On page 84, what occupies over half a page of the original is entirely omitted, and on page 60 there is a still larger omission. On page 62 there is omitted what covers more than a page of the original, and there are similar omissions throughout every part of the translation which we have compared with the original. The translator has done well, in so

far, instead of retranslating quotations from Moore and others into English to refer directly to the originals; but in doing so he has seldom taken care to confine himself exactly to the passages translated by the countess. Not only, indeed, has he frequently omitted considerable passages, but he has sometimes added passages that are not in the original at all. For example, on pp. 180-2, instead of giving the excerpts from the poem *To the Duke of Dorset*, which are quoted by the countess, he has quoted the poem entire, thus adding nearly a page to his work. It may, however, be said that this matter of quotations is a very immaterial one, provided the rest of the translation be well done. In the case of a good many books this would be to some extent true; but in the present instance, where almost every statement in regard to Byron is made to depend upon the quoted testimony of the *témoins de sa vie*, it becomes very important that that testimony should be presented without addition or subtraction. If the countess has garbled the testimony—as she has to some extent—this should not be concealed from the public; her Procrustean process should not be interfered with. After all, however, this arbitrary procedure on the part of the translator in regard to citation might be excused if he had given a faithful rendering of the parts of the book which are original. But this he has by no means done. The curtailing process is applied here also, though hardly to the same extent. In order to show that we are not condemning the translation without reason, we print in parallel columns a few passages from it, and from the original, all within the limits of three pages:

ORIGINAL.

Faire un calcul proportionnel entre sa reconnaissance et l'avantage probable du bienfait, en examiner les motifs pour y chercher une raison de l'amoindrir ou se soustraire à une part de reconnaissance: tout cela lui aurait semblé de l'ingratitude. Il pouvait bien prêter cette conduite à des personnages imaginaires, s'en faire pour ses satires une arme contre l'homme en général; mais cet égoïsme n'aurait jamais pu entrer dans la pratique de sa vie.—P. 389.

Cette prédilection même avait son origine dans la reconnaissance. Car étant tombé malade lors de son premier voyage à Patras, il y avait été soigné avec un grand dévouement par deux Albanais, qui l'adoraient comme tous ceux qui l'eurent pour maître, à toutes les époques de sa vie. Aussi ne pouvaient-ils se consoler de rester en Grèce sans lui, quand il retourna en Angleterre.—Pp. 389-90.

On a vu quel trouble lui causèrent à Missolonghi, peu de temps avant sa mort—ces barbares Souliotes, comblés de ces bienfaits; et combien il lutta avant de se décider à les congédier.—P. 390.

"Et quant à Miss M., il disait faisant ainsi allusion au projet de mariage malheureusement avorté, qu'elle était une personne d'une âme élevée, et qu'elle lui avait montré plus d'amitié qu'il ne méritait."—P. 392.

"Un des plus beaux tributs de reconnaissance et d'admiration qu'on puisse payer à une femme, dit un des meilleurs biographes de Lord Byron (Arthur Dudley, pseudonyme qui cache le nom d'une femme extrêmement distinguée), Miss M. le reçut de la bouche de Lord Byron."—P. 392.

Si donc, tous les moralistes qui ont analysé l'âme humaine, d'accord en cela avec le terrible diplomate, ont décidé que les premiers mouvements, où le calcul et la réflexion n'ont aucune part, sont bien ceux qui prouvent le mieux les *qualités naturelles d'une âme*, la bonté de Lord Byron se prouve d'une manière étonnante. Car tous ceux qui l'ont connu ont parlé de la beauté extraordinaire de tous ses premiers mouvements. "Sa sensibilité, en apprenant les malheurs des autres," dit M. Finlay, qui l'avait connu peu de temps avant sa mort, "était extrême; et on obtenait tout de lui, si on mettait à profit ce premier mouvement de son cœur." Cela est d'autant plus vrai que cette preuve d'une belle âme lui devenait même nuisible; car, obligé plus tard, par la réflexion de modifier la première impulsion de son cœur, il lui arrivait de compromettre des amis et de se créer même des ennemis.—P. 394.

It would be easy to multiply indefinitely these quotations; but we think we have given enough to show that this translation of Mr. Hubert E. H. Jerneingham's is no fair representation of the original. It is a kind of loose paraphrase, done hastily and in the most slovenly manner. The translator does not seem to be ignorant either of French or of English. He often translates difficult idioms very happily, and his translation reads smoothly throughout. Occasionally he uses objectionable phrases, such as "different to," "he wished, but dared not yet, visit Lord Byron;" still, as a rule, his English is grammatical and idiomatic.

There is one thing connected with this translation for which the translator is in no wise responsible, namely, the portrait which forms the frontispiece. In the original there is a magnificent photograph from a picture of Byron—a photograph which we cannot better characterize than by saying that it enables one to comprehend completely the many seemingly-exaggerated accounts that have been written of the superhuman beauty of Byron; it resembles nothing so much as the Apollo of Belvedere. Instead of it, the translation published by Messrs. Harper presents us with a wretched wood-cut bearing not the slightest resemblance to the photograph. In conclusion, we hope that some of our publishers will give us a real translation of this work, and so enable the many admirers of Byron to see how he was looked upon by the person who, of all others, knew him most intimately.

GRAFFITI D'ITALIA.*

INTO the mouth of the painter Raffaele, in one of the best because most vitally earnest poems of this volume, Mr. Story puts a special plea for the versatility and adaptiveness which have been sometimes charged against himself. Advised by his patron, the Duke of Urbino, very sensibly it seems to us, although in somewhat archaic rhymes,

... "not to skip and skim
In many arts, but give himself to one,
For life was quite too short for everything,
And doing all things, nothing gets well done;"

the great master vindicates himself thus:

* *My Recollections of Lord Byron; and those of the Eye-witnesses of his Life.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

* *Graffiti D'Italia.* By W. W. Story. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.; Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

... "It seems to me
All arts are one—all branches on one tree—
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.
You ask me to be thumb alone; but, pray,
Left of the answering fingers Nature planned,
Is not the hand deformed for work or play?"

Now, this is all very pretty and fanciful; still more so what follows. But similes are not arguments, least of all similes as lame as this. One cannot well be art and artist both; and when Raffaele figures the arts as fingers on one hand, whereof he straightway makes himself the thumb, it becomes apparent that rhetoric and logic, at least, were not among the arts he cultivated. Of course what Mr. Story means is plain enough, though he nowhere puts it very clearly, that the artistic essence is the same in all the arts, which are only its different developments; that one soul animates all their various forms; that poet, painter, sculptor, and composer work upon different materials, from the same inspiration of genius and appreciation of beauty, to the same end—the visible embodiment of their imaginings. But while this basis of creative consciousness is the same for all the arts, the accessories to expression differ widely in each, and are rarely united. The sculptor's sense of form may exist totally apart from the sense of color and the knowledge of perspective which the painter needs; the musician's ear is often utterly lacking in one who has the dearest mastery of words. True, when all these gifts are united in one affluent nature there seems to be no good reason why their fortunate owner should not use them all, and be, as Raffaele here asserts his right to be—as Mr. Story, if we mistake not, has set himself up to be—poet, painter, sculptor, and musician at once. Yet, even for such an one, we are disposed to think with the duke, it would be wiser and more profitable to concentrate in a single strong, swift, deep current the æsthetic energies that, dissipated through a dozen shallow channels, trickle out a feeble, innavigable, and useless course. If, as Raffaele says,

"Life is too short perfection to attain,"

then all the more does it behoove the true man to aim as near perfection as he can, and this he does by doing with all his might the thing he does best. None of us, to adopt Mr. Story's curious fancy, can hope to be a "whole diapason;" he fills his part most nobly who makes his "separate note" give out its sweetest and clearest melody in the harmony of existence. To be master of one art is to have come nearer perfection than to be skilful in many; yet what artist has ever lived who could justly say he was master of his art? Michael Angelo, of all men, came nearest to it, for he wrought in all arts and was great in all. Yet who shall say that a life's single devotion to one might not have incomparably magnified his greatness? Besides, there is but one Michael Angelo, and he is to men of lesser mould rather a pharos than a polar star.

Much in the same strain does Raffaele proceed to discourse on originality.

"In one sense," he says, "no man is original":

"Borrowers and beggars are we, one and all;
Art, science, thought, grow up from age to age,
And all are palimpsests upon Time's page. . . .
Yet each man, following his sympathies,
Unto himself assimilating all,
Using men's thoughts and forms as steps to rise;
Who speaks at last his individual word,
The free result of all things seen and heard,
Is in the noblest sense original. . . .
But he who, self-sufficient, dares refuse
All aid of men must be a god or fool."

And he closes with a tribute to his fellow-artists:

... "all inspired
By one great hope and moving to one end,
How strength and daring each to each they lend,
As on they press, undaunted and untired!
Each fighting for the truth, and one for all,
With no mean pride to be original."

Mr. Story, being neither a god nor a fool, at least carries out his own theory in not refusing all aid of men; but we very much doubt if a little mean pride to be original would not have improved his poetry. Supreme genius, which takes its materials wherever it finds them, and moulding them together with plastic touch, breathing upon them its transfiguring breath, straightway gives us a product whose result is new and gloriously strange, which takes the best of other men to make its own better, we can readily pardon and applaud. But assimilation and imitation are two distinct things, and Mr. Story acts unwisely in so pointedly challenging attention to the distinction. The inspiration of Browning is evident throughout his pages; but there is no added inspiration which enhances or alters the well-known flavor, or leads us to forget and forgive. A copy in water-colors of a grand cartoon is not usually a very pleasing or a very satisfactory performance; and one has not to read many pages of *Graffiti D'Italia* to experience much the same sensation. To attempt successfully Browning's peculiar vein of psychological poetry, to follow him in that species of dramatic monologue which, if he did not exactly create, he has fairly made his own, wherein the speaker unfolds not only his character, but the subtlest of those mental processes which at once determine and discover character, demands a minuteness of observation, a keen nicety of intellectual analysis, a depth of knowledge in the mysteries and contradictions of human nature, a richness and energy of style which Mr. Story is far from possessing, and which he could not, without being another Browning, very well possess. Apparently he has not even the commoner perception of dramatic congruity, for his antique, mediæval, and modern poems show scarcely any distinction of local coloring. Raffaele talks very much as *Il Curato* of to-day, and there is little difference between the middle-age prosing of Ginevra da Siena and the ancient prosing of Cassandra. Mr. Story's tragedy, in fact, and Mr. Story's comedy, alike are simply commonplace records of the working of commonplace emotions and commonplace crimes on commonplace natures—old stories told in a very old way. Neither the matter nor the manner have that degree of excellence which should atone for their lack of novelty.

It is difficult by any system of quotation to give adequate evidence of a failing which is seen not so much in particular poems or passages as in the author's general manner of conception and composition revealed throughout the work. Yet this poem, which is at once one of the best in the book, and the closest in theme and treatment to its evident model, will serve to define our meaning, and to give a favorable example of Mr. Story's power:

"AN ENGLISH HUSBAND TO HIS ITALIAN WIFE.

"What a constant jealousy gnaws your heart!
It tires me out; day after day
Some little worry from nothing you start—
Something 's hidden in what I say,
Something 's hidden in what I do;
That heart of yours is never still,
It cannot be sure that I am true,
But spies and pries about for ill.

"Frankly I speak the whole of my mind
Once for all—let it serve or not:
I am not one of that showy kind,
Fair outside with an inward rot,
I love you! Will not that suffice?
No! I must say it again and again,
And embroider it over with flatteries,
Or all I have said and done is vain.

"Trust me! trust my simple love!
If you suspect me, that love will die.
I cannot bear to be forced to prove
Every moment its honesty.
Ah! you say I'm so still and cold!
Well! I cannot be other than what I am;
I cannot squander my lump of gold
As I could a little tinsel sham.

"You your jewels must always wear;
What is their use if they are not shown?
I keep mine with a miser's care,
And love to count them o'er alone.
I cannot abide that the world should observe
What it thinks is nothing to me;
I was born with a sense of reserve
That is shocked by love's publicity.

"You have a richer heart, if you will,
That scatters about its wide largess;
Your love a keeping like mine would kill—
All that you feel you must express.
Your love seeks for the light and sun,
And gives its perfume to every breeze:
The bees get its honey—every one—
Its beauty whoever passes sees.

"Mine, like a well, is still and deep:
Cold, you say it is, like a well;
But though like a brook it will not leap
And joy for ever one tale to tell,
It still is real; and when the year
Hath silenced the brook with its shallow laugh,
The well's cool waters will still be clear
Where those who trusted may surely quaff.

"I cannot, like Sarto, publish your face
In every Madonna, Sibel, and Saint,
Or praise to the world your beauty and grace
In a thousand sonnets sweet and faint.
But this is the head's work more than the heart's:
Skill and genius they show, no doubt;
But the painter and poet may give to their Arts
What they leave their lady, perhaps, without.

"Trust me, dear, with your eyes so black
And full of passion—these eyes of blue,
Though your excess of expression they lack,
Are not the less sincere and true.
I cannot fondle you every hour
With many a pretty and gallant phrase,
Rain out my love as a cloud its shower—
But trust me and leave me my English ways."

This is a delicate and faithful picture of one very frequent phase of feminine jealousy, as well as an excellent presentment of the difference between a man's and a woman's ways of loving. The language, too, is marked by considerable felicity, and the lines we have italicized convey a truth which most people have doubtless often felt, but no one has ever before so neatly expressed. But would this have been written if the *Dramatis Personæ* had not been written before it?

We have dwelt on what, despite his preface's disclaimer, we cannot help regarding as the authentic exposition of Mr. Story's own views about versatility and originality, because his cultivation of the one and his misconception of the other seem to have their legitimate result in the weakness of this book, which is, perhaps, only a reflex of the weakness of his life. Of his ability as a sculptor we have no means of judging, except from the statue of Chief-Justice Story in the chapel at Mount Auburn, which, as being almost an amateur effort, is hardly a fair test; but if his marble picture of Cleopatra has no more originality and force than his verbal one, we need go no further to disprove his theory. We should be sorry to believe that a life so formed for noble ends had gone astray, had frittered itself out in the fickle chase of a thousand flying phantoms. Yet we cannot resist the conviction that in the ingenious but fallacious argumentation of the *Contemporary Criticism* may be found a chief reason for Mr. Story's failure to attain that position in the artistic world to which his abilities seem clearly to entitle him. Vacillation appears to have been his bane; he has been ruined by the very profusion of the gifts which nature has heaped upon him. We do not say that he would ever have been a great poet if he had devoted himself solely and wholly to the muse; but his poetry might have been made pleasanter reading by a force and earnestness which now it singularly lacks. So far as it is the work of a man of culture, of taste, of sensibility, of artistic appreciation, *Graffiti D'Italia* has much to interest and entertain. Though its thought is never strong or profound, it is often pointed and intense, and the brilliant skies and voluptuous beauty of the land wherein it was written have here and there lent to its language a sensuous warmth which simulates passion, and to most of its readers may suggest the poetry it only counterfeits. To us it is not a gratifying book to read. It is in some sort like an epitaph of splendid possibilities. What Mr. Story might have been, we can only conjecture; what he is, we do not venture to say; what he is not, this book very clearly decides. Painter, sculptor, musician he may be; poet he evidently is not.

LIBRARY TABLE.

SERMONS. By Charles Wadsworth, Minister of Calvary Church, San Francisco. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1869.—It is altogether in a book impossible to reproduce the beauties of oral delivery, or portray, however faintly, the magnetic influence that often emanates from the personal pre-

sence of a preacher; hence the disappointment we invariably feel in reading the printed sermons of our most popular divines. Yet judging solely on no further evidence than that contained in this volume, we should rank Mr. Wadsworth high as a popular preacher. His style is exuberant and tropical, his diction graceful, and his illustrations apt and felicitous. His discourses are not abstruse reasonings, but earnest appeals to the sentiments; not dry husks, impossible to digest, but tender, fresh corn, grateful to the palate and easy of chymification. The following, from the discourse on the demoniac of Gadara, will afford some idea of Mr. Wadsworth's treatment:

"He hath obeyed the voice of his master, and departed to his home. Imagine that return—that approach to his household—that crossing the threshold—that welcome of the beloved ones—those bounding feet—those clasping arms—those sobbing utterances of overwhelming rapture, too deep for words! See! Yesterday, he dwelt in sepulchres—the decay of the grave-cavern; the scent of corruption; the solitude; the silence; the chill damps; the appalling shadows; the phosphorescence of death—these, and such as these, were with him, and around him!

"Now, he is with the living, in his own fair dwelling—the fragrance of dewy flowers—the light of the land's glad summer—the ministries of gentle hands—the lightness of loving eyes—the music of loving voices—all the peace, the triumph, the rapture of holy and exultant life—within him and around him! Oh! change, oh! wondrous change. Yesterday with the dead, in the cold, unspitting tomb—to-day with the living, in a fair and blessed home! And yet, only faintly an emblem of that change in regeneration, whereby an immortal spirit is freed from its tormentors, and a soul dead in sins is made alive in Christ Jesus!"

Pulpit Germs. By Rev. W. W. Wythe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—As suggestive of subjects and their treatment, these pulpit germs, four hundred and fifty-five in number, will be found useful to preachers, and when duly developed by diligent study and labor ought to fructify in many a fair sermon. We append one as a sample of the rest:

54. VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1 Cor. xv. 56, 57: The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

I. THE ENEMY.

1. Its Sting—"Sin."
2. Its Strength—"The Law."

II. THE VICTORY.

1. Gracious—"God giveth it."
2. Certain—"Christ's atonement secures it."
3. Assured—"His resurrection guarantees it."

III. THE THANKSGIVING.

1. By faith.
2. By the earnest of the Spirit.

The book is well printed on fine tinted paper.

Hymns. By Francis Turner Palgrave, late Scholar of Balliol and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Second Edition, enlarged. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1868.—Learning, culture, poetic taste, and seemingly profound religious conviction are the qualifications which Mr. Palgrave brings to the composition of one of the most difficult species of lyric poetry. His Hymns are correct, but a trifle cold; one looks through them in vain for the intense pathos and faith of the mediæval hymns, for the simple fervor of Wesley and Toplady, or the tender inspiration of Faber. Nevertheless, after the pious balderdash which makes up so much of our modern hymnology, it is refreshing to stumble on a psalmist who can unite purity and elegance of style with a true devotional spirit. There are eighteen hymns in this little volume, and it is printed with all the typographical beauty which distinguishes Mr. Randolph's religious publications.

The Future Life; with Introduction by Judge Edmonds. Boston: Banner of Light Office. 1869.—This purports to be a description, from various spirits, of that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." But though professedly emanating from such opposite characters as Mrs. Hemans, Voltaire, Paine, Margaret Fuller, Webster, Calhoun, Swedenborg, Wolsey, Pollok, etc., the revelations are singularly alike in both sentiment and language, and in no respect surpass, and rarely equal, what any devout imaginative writer could give us of those scenes of which we read that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Scattered throughout the book are many pretty fancies and beautiful similes which show that Mrs. Sweet, the "medium," had considerable æsthetic taste.

The Song of Higher-Water. By James W. Ward. New York: Robert H. Johnston & Co.; Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1868.—Mr. Ward explains to us in his brief preface that it was just three days after the appearance of *Hiawatha* that he read this production to some of his friends. This fact, together with the assurance that it is now chiefly issued for private distribution, and is published at all only because some singularly speculative person has published an imperfect edition with intent to sell on his own account, ought to dispose us to lenient judgment. *The Song of Higher-Water* is, in fact, just such a brochure as a clever writer might readily throw off for the amusement of a circle of friends; it is scarcely adapted to the dignity of print. Still we can read it through and be sufficiently entertained, and it is an excellent work to give away.

Twelve Months of Matrimony. By Emilie F. Carlin. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—Miss Carlin's *Twelve Months of Matrimony* seems to have been written to enforce Mrs. Malaprop's moral, "In matrimony it is best to begin with a little aversion." Her hero and heroine are shut up together in a lonely country house for twelve months, under the agreement that their marriage relation exists only in name. They begin by detesting each other, continue by growing unutterably jealous, end by falling rapturously in love, and celebrate the nuptial day on the first anniversary of their marriage. To make the moral more pointed, the other couple, who form the under-plot of the novel, begin by excessive devotion and end with divorce. The novel is inartistic in its construction and in its dialogue. The situations and characters are alike unnatural. There is a slight flavor about it suggestive of the last century novels, and if it lacks the cleverness and brilliancy of the modern sensational school, it can safely be warranted as free from anything exciting to novel-readers with weak nerves.

Glennair; or, Life in Scotland. By Helen Haslett. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.—This is a very simple, but by no means uninteresting story, the scene of which is laid in the Highlands of Scotland. The diction is familiar; the incidents, though somewhat commonplace, have all the charm of probability, and there is a general tone of directness pervading the narrative which suits well with its subject. The characters of the chief personages are nicely balanced; they are neither marvels of goodness nor monsters of iniquity, but just such men and women as we meet with every day, with the same proportional mixture of good and evil. The author does not—after the fashion of some lady writers—present us with a series of incredible adventures;

she passes quietly through the shaded paths of private life, conversing with gentle natures and patient sufferings, unfolding the serene piety, the sorrows, and the sober triumphs which mark the lot of a large portion of the human family, and displaying the courage which innocence coupled with generosity is ever wont to exert. The descriptions have the merit of being taken from real scenery rather than from the arbitrary combinations of fancy.

Queen Victoria—The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. New York: Felt & Dillingham. 1869.—These volumes form two of the series of representative biographies from the pen of Mr. John McGilchrist, now in course of publication by the London firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin. The sketch of the English Premier is meagre and skeleton-like; that of Victoria longer and with more of the outlines filled in; but both catch the salient biographical points of their subjects. They are merely intended, however, for ephemeral popularity, and deserve no better fate.

Elocution and Oratory: A thorough Treatise on the Arts of Reading and Speaking, with numerous and choice selections of didactic, humorous, and dramatic styles, from the most celebrated authors. By Charles A. Wiley. New York: Clark & Maynard; Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.—Like a poet, an orator is born rather than made, yet art can improve and develop nature. Mr. Wiley's rules for the young speaker seem very judicious, and are based on a thorough acquaintance with the power and capability of the human voice. The selections are varied and, perhaps, a trifle less hackneyed than such illustrations usually are. Altogether the author's efforts to instruct the embryo orator deserve encouragement.

The Phonographic Advocate. New York: James E. Munson.—Mr. Munson is well known as an expert stenographer, and, as editor of this modest advocate of the system of shorthand known as phonography—the invention of Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, in 1837—is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. The aim of the periodical will be to "enlighten the public as to the great advantage that would be derived from the general introduction and employment of phonographic writing, by showing how it may be used by all, and especially by professional and business men." One obvious means of doing this would be to show in parallel columns the superior brevity and legibility of phonography over ordinary chirography.

Marooner's Island. By F. R. Goulding. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.—An illustrated budget for the boys of marvellous adventures on sea and land, children carried out to sea by a devil-fish, life in the woods and marshes, hunting and fishing incidents, Indian cunning and strategy, storm and shipwreck.

Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin. By John Howard Payne. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—The introduction to this tragedy, which forms number six of the series of plays according to Edwin Booth, is mainly a reproduction of Gould's high-flown eulogy of the elder Booth in the character of Tarquin. Our previous remarks on the typographical dress of the plays are still justified.

Before the Throne. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1869.—A small hand-book of devotions for a child, nicely got up, and generally well adapted to its purpose, though the language at times is not such as a child would use. The hymns are the best part of the manual.

New Music.—Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send us the music to be performed at the National Peace Jubilee, a book of 88 pages which, with its clear print and yellow cover, awakens in us tender reminiscences of the Handel Festival of last year. But we find ourselves quite unable to divine the principles which have guided the selection of the works to be performed. Notwithstanding the bells and the anvils and the other fooleries of which we have heard, and which will probably be quietly dropped as the jubilee approaches, it is perhaps too much to suspect the conductors of the affair of the inconceivable stupidity of choosing the choruses with reference only to their names: yet, "Achieved is the glorious work," and "See, the conquering hero comes," give color to the wild supposition; and it is clear that the makers of the list never heard of such a thing as an anti-climax; like Queen Elizabeth, they mean to be painted without any shadow, and they deliberately propose to sing, one after the other, all the most jubilant, exultant final movements out of every great oratorio; to sing, in fact, a succession of climaxes, with a tranquil assurance that there is no fear of their destroying each other. What will be the state of mind of those unhappy persons who, after listening to the "Inflammatus," next undergo "See, the conquering hero comes," and are immediately afterwards subjected to the "Hallelujah," it is impossible for us to conjecture; but if the authors of those great works are able to turn in their graves, surely they will do it!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. With Forty-two Illustrations by John Tenniel. Pp. 192. 1869. | Italian of Alfonso, Bishop of St. Agatha. Edited by Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Pp. 266. 1869. |
| Juliette; or, Now and For Ever. By Mrs. Madeline Leshe. Pp. 416. 1869. | Life of Philip Doddridge, D.D. With notices of some of his contemporaries, and specimens of his style. By D. A. Harsha, M.A. Pp. 249. |
| Salt-Water Dick. By May Manning. Pp. 230. 1869. | HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Woman in Prison. By Caroline H. Woods. Pp. 193. 1869. |
| Dotty Dimple at School. By Sophie May. Pp. 168. 1869. | LEVY & HOLT, New York.—Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goep. Author's edition. Illustrated with fac-similes of the original German wood-cuts. Pp. 377. 1869. |
| CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia.—Springdale Abbey. Extracts from the diaries and letters of an English Preacher. Edited by Joseph Parker, D.D. Pp. 444. 1869. | CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—The Phenomena and Laws of Heat. By Achille Caenn. Translated and edited by Elihu Rich. Pp. 265. 1869. |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—Agnes Wentworth. By E. Foxton. Pp. 316. 1869. | TOWNSEND & ADAMS, New York.—Gun, Rod, and Saddle. Personal experiences, by Ubique. Pp. 275. 1869. |
| The Apostolical or Primitive Church. By Lyman Coleman, D.D. Pp. 413. 1869. | |
| Preparation for Death. Translated from the | |

PAMPHLETS.

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| D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—The Inter-marriage of Relations. By Nathaniel Allen, M.D. | The Old Guard, the Mother at Home, Arthur's Home Monthly, Phrenological Journal, the Little Corporal, the Schoolmate, Harper's Monthly, Little's Living Age, Atlantic Monthly, the Radical, the New Orleans Journal of Medicine, the North American Review. |
| LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—The True Woman: A Series of Discourses. By Rev. J. D. Fulton. | |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—Over Yonder. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt. | |
| CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.—Les Muletiers; Evening Bells; "Tis I"; If in my Constant Heart; Ever so True; Trembling and Cold (Serenade); Love the Pilgrim; The Shepherd's Lay; Notturno for the Piano; Tarantelle; Toast; Bird of the Wilderness; Rosaki; Blue Bell. | NEW MUSIC.
Heads with Tossing Curls (Ballad); The Sea-Nymph's Lullaby (Song); Pail Mail Waltz; Au Bord du Lac, Morceau de Salon, par Carl Woisch; Felatine Mazurka; Mozart's celebrated Oxyen Waltz; A Ray of Sunshine; Cassie Waltzes; The Mocking Bird; Moonlight in the Pines; Love and Friendship. |
| LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.—Two Brown | |

TABLE-TALK.

THE third and last of Madame Raymond Ritter and Mr. S. B. Mills's historical recitals took place on Saturday, April 17, and as it consisted of music of the modern German school, which of all others is best known to our amateurs, our duty is merely to describe what sort of concert Mr. Ritter planned out of selections in this ample field, and to say how much our enjoyment even of such admirable music is heightened when chosen by a master. There were no cavatinas from operas, no dramatic climaxes dragged out of the context which gives them their point and meaning; no vehicles of intense expression perverted into vehicles of vain display; but the music chosen was concert music, written for such times and purposes as it was now used for, and each piece was placed in such juxtaposition as served to set forth its character and enhance its charm. Beethoven's "Air and variations in G major" prepared us for the more profound *Sonata appassionata* of that great writer. The *Moment Musical* of Schubert led easily to the exquisitely beautiful "Study, in C sharp minor" of Chopin, a strain so lovely that the audience could not help, as it were, asking to hear it once more, and Mr. Mills made the one mistake of the day in substituting a pretty but commonplace theme. Madame Ritter appeared to more advantage in this third concert than in either of the other two. The only fault of her singing is one which neither the industry nor the intelligence which she possesses in a high degree can cure; it is a certain harshness of tone, as of a voice which, originally overstrained, has maintained its power but lost its beauty. The merits on which we would much rather dwell are great vivacity, a thorough acquaintance with musical and poetical thought, and a most conscientious painstaking in rendering a writer's meaning. Her calm yet forcible manner in Elsa's admonition, in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and the succeeding contrast of arch tenderness in Liszt's *Angiolin del biondo crin*, showed the accomplished musician. It is the fashion with a certain set of people to say of Mr. Mills that he "plays with the precision of an automaton, but has no feeling." We should like to be informed what motive except musical feeling of the highest kind can induce a man whose every hour of daylight is filled with lucrative teaching to study books full of ancient and obsolete music which, after this one series of recitals, he will hardly ever be asked to play again? Mr. Ritter's printed programme was, as usual, explanatory and instructive, containing just those facts which the student desires to know, and the amateur would like to be reminded of; and we can only hope that the great interest felt in these recitals has answered his expectations, and that the rôle of a learned composer and a wise musician is not in this community entirely without its due reward.

THE public will do wisely to believe rather less than half of what it sees in most of the minor magazines of the day. A trick of putting together after slight study, and so with little knowledge, "articles" on what are thought interesting subjects has got to be common with writers who are chiefly callow as well as unscrupulous, and the ignorance or prejudices of "editors" afford disastrous facilities for ushering such productions into print. A newspaper before us furnishes notable illustrations in point. It copies some extracts from what it calls "a very long and very eulogistic article about the *Round Table*" in a magazine published, it appears, in New Haven. It is disagreeable to seem ungrateful, but, judging from these excerpts, we are unable to compliment the young author either on his style or his veracity. He gives his readers a somewhat minute account of the writers for the *Round Table*, together with a list of their names; the latter evidently being meant to be regarded as exhaustive. Unhappily, however, the majority of the persons he mentions have never written for the *Round Table* at all; or, if they have so written, their contributions have never been published in its columns. Doubtless our young friend is in the latter category, although by a needless stretch of modesty he omits his name in his printed list. On the other hand, and with a delicacy still more superfluous and unaccountable, he also omits the well-known names of the writers who have contributed nine-tenths of the reading matter which has appeared in these columns during the last four-fifths of the *Round Table's* existence. We are sorry to add, despite their eulogistic character, that these extracts contain several other curious blunders uniting with some ingenuity many errors of insufficient knowledge with others of apparently intentional misrepresentation.

IN reply to a paragraph in this column two weeks ago, criticising the management of the Mercantile Library Association of Brooklyn, we have received a long explanatory letter from the librarian, substantially acknowledging the correctness of our complaints. As we have not space to print Mr. Noyes's letter in full, we append a *résumé* of his points, that the other side of the picture may be also fairly presented. The librarian states: 1. That the attempt to raise a fund of \$50,000 is already a success, and an additional sum of \$20,000 has also been subscribed to pay off the floating indebtedness incurred in completing the new building. 2. That instead of one, there are three printed catalogues accessible to subscribers; that any person upon application can examine separate classified catalogues in manuscript, including the latest books, so far as received, and that an instalment of a new catalogue has been printed and is now being distributed. 3. That on the opening of the new building, in January, it happened that all the books were not ready for circulation, but this difficulty only lasted a few weeks. 4. That the experiment of employing lady assistants has thus far been justified by the practical results. 5. That the gap of a few months in the magazines, which can be readily filled up, is not a very formidable matter. We will only add that the original paragraph was based upon personal observation, having been written by a gentleman, a subscriber to the library, who attempted unsuccessfully on three separate occasions, a few weeks ago, to obtain books on the library catalogue.

THE *Southern Metropolis* is a new literary venture, published at Baltimore, whose somewhat comprehensive sub-title, *Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, and Art*, sufficiently indicates its scope. If it succeeds nearly so well in its line as the *Southern Review* and the *New Eclectic* have in theirs, the South will have no reason to be ashamed of it. Meantime it promises largely and performs fairly, gives us in clear type, on good paper, some good, and a great deal of mediocre, criticism, the usual amount of editorial wit and wisdom, with more than the usual amount of Southern editorial moderation and taste, though not so much as to leave no room for improvement, and correspondence from all parts of the globe,

which, judging from the spicy New York letter, is on the whole up to the average. Beside this there are selections from the leading British and American journals, which serve to keep its readers in the current of foreign thought. Altogether it has made a very creditable start, and it only needs, joined with the journalistic ability it has already evinced, judgment, calmness, taste, and, above all, a stern and unflinching loyalty to truth and justice, in all matters, of course, but especially in matters of criticism, to win more than local reputation. There is room for and need of just such a journal at the South; but if it falls into that mutual-admiration trap into which so many Southern journals have fallen, if it takes to praising Southern books only because they are Southern books, and abusing Northern books only because they are Northern, it will surely fail, as it will deserve to fail. We have noticed symptoms of such a tendency in some of its numbers; we trust that they were only temporary lapses. What the South needs now is a strong, impartial, fearless, virile press, which shall not hesitate to censure as well as to praise, to rebuke as well as to sympathize, to light the future, not to lament the past. The Southern journalist has a glorious mission; we trust he may prove equal to it. This Baltimore weekly is a step in the right direction, and we shall regard its course with interest.

THE *Medical Gazette* has a paper by Dr. Anstie, of London, proving that the modern idea of counter-irritants is erroneous. The author ridicules as ludicrous the practice of applying blisters to the chest or abdomen to relieve pneumonia or inflammation of the bowels, and stigmatizes the doctrine as a relic of "nations belonging to times antecedent to the birth of scientific physiology." Dr. Anstie stands deservedly high in his profession, but whether the practice is a relic of ignorance or not, or has no valid claim to the title of counter-irritation, too many persons have every-day experience of its value to be persuaded to disuse it by the mere theoretic reasonings of a physiologist. We know the proverbial facility that doctors have for disagreeing, and their inability to harmonize facts with theories—to answer Artemus Ward's question: Why is this thus?—and this is one of those instances where science is halting in the rear of common sense.

MR. MARKINFIELD ADDEY's project for an American *Men of the Time* is, we are assured, going swimmingly forward, and hopes are entertained that the work may appear in the ensuing autumn. Mr. Addey is, in many respects, very well suited for the difficult and useful task he has undertaken, and we have no doubt he will do his utmost thoroughly to carry it out. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not be tempted to get his volume before the public too precipitately. Exactitude and trustworthiness are the chief desiderata in such a work, and these are hardly to be had without time.

WE have as yet seen no detailed description of the new Bonelli-Cook system of telegraphy, which recently attracted considerable attention in France, and whose working was inspected by the Emperor, but the imperfect accounts already given contain several inconsistencies. The instruments appear to be of two kinds—printing, like the Howe and Hughes inventions, and autographic, like the Bakewell telegraph. The special objects claimed for them are perfect accuracy and great rapidity in all seasons, the instruments even working better in bad weather than in fine. They are said to be capable of transmitting 3,200 words per hour, but really do not exceed in practice 2,000, the maximum of other instruments being set down at 800, which is too low an estimate. Should, however, the instruments be really capable of performing all that is claimed for them, they must rapidly come into general use till superseded by other improvements which will yet be made in the telegraphic art.

As a means of destroying vermin, the carbonate of baryta is recommended as the surest and swiftest poison available. It is a dry, white, tasteless powder, which may be beaten up with raw flesh, dripping, or meal, and thrust into the holes or among the runs of rats, mice, and other small game.

IN a suit instituted at Liverpool to recover wages alleged to be due to the crew of the American ship *Nonantum*, against which our consul protested, it was decided that all claims relating to seamen's wages in American vessels must be adjudicated upon by the American consuls.

CHESS.

CHESS-PLAYERS who are in the habit of studying the literature of the game cannot fail to have remarked the wonderful advance that has been made within the last ten or fifteen years in the art of problem-composing, as well as the increased importance into which this branch of Chess play has risen. No Chess Congress nowadays appears to be regarded as complete unless, in addition to the usual prizes contended for over the board, a supplementary prize for the best set of original problems is also offered, and to this fact we owe a considerable number of the finest productions of Messrs. Bayer, Healey, Loyd, and many other masters in this department of the noble game. The question is sometimes asked, Does the study of these ingenious combinations help materially in making a first-rate player? The answer to this must be emphatically in the affirmative, for though it is true that the best problem-composers are not always the finest players, it is equally certain that no one can have much claim to eminence as a player who is not a skilled strategist, and this excellence can only be attained in its highest degree by a close study of the subtleties and possibilities of Chess embodied in a really good problem. Of the fascinating attractions which problems present for some players it is scarcely necessary to speak. We remember some years ago a pretty tolerable expert at the game who for days puzzled over the beautiful position known as the "Indian problem," and would often get out of bed in the middle of the night to practically test some new mode of attack which his busy brain suggested as he lay awake. After a week's cogitation he discovered the key, and has since often declared that his delight at having mastered the problem surpassed anything he had ever before experienced in his life.

GAME LII.

Between Messrs. Zerega and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and two moves.

REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

WHITE—Mr. Z.
1. P to K4
2. P to Q4
3. B to Q3
4. P to K5
5. B to Q2
6. P takes P

BLACK—Mr. M.
1. P to K3
2. P to Q4
3. P to QB4
4. Q to QR4 ch
5. Q to QR3

Queen to KR3 ch, compelling the King to move, is more commonly played at this juncture.

7. Kt to KR3
8. Castles
9. Q to KR5 ch
10. Q to KR5
11. Kt to QB3
12. QR to K
13. B to KB4

6. B takes P
7. Kt to K2
8. QKt to B3
9. P to KR3
10. R to KB
11. B to Q5
12. Kt to KB4

Pawn to KKt appears to be a better move.

13. P to QR3
14. Kt takes KP

Black here wins the Pawn back, but owing to the undeveloped state of his right wing, his game is in anything but a satisfactory condition.

15. B takes Kt

He would have gained nothing by checking at KB6 with Kt, as the Rook would have taken it, winning the Queen should White capture the Rook.

16. P to KR4
17. R to K3

15. B takes B
16. Kt to Q5

Taking the Bishop would obviously be fatal.

17. B to Kt2

A bad move, as White's KKt is now brought into play with great effect.

18. Kt to KB4

18. Q to QB2

Quite overlooking White's ingenious reply: R takes Kt would probably have been his best resource.

19. Kt to Q5

The winning move; should P take Kt, Black is mated by the double check at Q5.

20. R takes Kt

20. P takes Kt

21. R to K
And Black resigns.

GAME LIII.

Between the same players, at the same odds.

REMOVE BLACK'S KEP.

WHITE—Mr. Z. BLACK—Mr. M.
1. P to K4 1. Kt to QB3
2. P to Q4 2. Kt to QB3
3. P to KB4

Pawn to K5 or B to Q3 is preferable.

4. B to QKt5 3. P to Q4
5. Kt to QB3 4. Kt to KB3
6. Q to Q3 5. Kt to KBt5
7. P to KR3 6. P to K3
8. Q to QB4 7. P takes KP

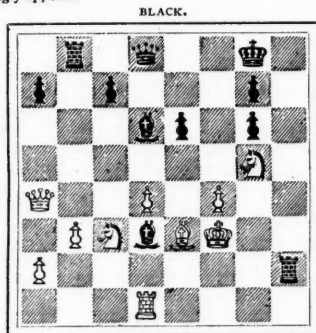
Much better than taking the KP with Kt.

9. P to KKt4 8. B to KB4
10. B takes Kt ch 9. B to KB2
11. Q takes QBP ch 10. P takes B

It is strange that Mr. Zerega should have neglected to make the more powerful move of Q takes KP ch.

12. P to KKt5 11. K to B2
13. P to KR4 12. Kt to Q4
14. Q to QR4 13. Kt to QKt5
15. Kt to KB3 14. P to K6
16. K to K2 15. Kt takes P ch
17. P to KR5 16. B to Q3
18. P to KKt6 ch 17. P to KB4
19. Kt to KKt5 ch 18. P takes P
20. B takes KP 19. Kt to Kt
21. R takes Kt 20. Kt takes R
22. R to KB 21. R takes KRP
23. P to QKt3 22. R to QKt
24. K to KB3 23. R to KR7 ch
25. R to Q 24. B to Q6

The situation at this period of the game is sufficiently interesting to merit a diagram, which we accordingly append:



WHITE.
25. Q takes Kt

The sacrifice of the Queen appears to be quite sound, the White King being so exposed to the combined action of the hostile Rooks and Bishops as to render escape almost impossible.

26. P takes Q 26. R to KB ch
27. B to KB4

King to Kt4 might have prolonged the game, but would not have saved it.

28. K to K3 27. R takes B ch
29. K to Q2 28. R to KR6 ch
30. K to K 29. R to KB7 ch
31. K to Q2 30. R to KB8 ch
31. B to KB5 mate

GAME LIV.

Played in the Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. Gilberg and Phelan consulting together against Messrs. Brenzinger and Delmar.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

WHITE. BLACK.
Messrs. G. and P. Messrs. B. and D.
1. P to K4 1. P to QKt3
2. P to Q4 2. B to QKt2
3. P to Q3 3. P to KKt3
4. P to KB4 4. P to K4

The opening on the part of Black is not particularly well played.

5. Kt to KB3 5. P to KB3
6. B to Q3 6. B to KKt2
7. Castles 7. P takes P
8. QB takes P 8. P to Q3
9. Kt to Q4 9. Q to K2
10. B to QKt5 ch 10. K to B2
11. Kt to QKt3 11. P to QKt3
12. B to K2 12. Kt to Q2
13. B to KKt4 13. R to KB
14. Kt to KB3

Prettily played; the mate given by Bishop at R5, should Pawn take Kt, is somewhat singular.

15. Kt to Q4 14. Q to Q
16. Kt to K6 15. R to K
17. Kt to K2 16. Q to QB
18. B to KR3 17. P to KR4
19. QKt to Q4 18. Kt to KR3
19. Kt to KKt5

Sacrificing a Pawn for the purpose of bringing the Rooks to bear upon the adverse King, but the Black pieces are so inextricably locked up that any attempt at organizing a counter attack seems unavailing.

20. B takes Kt 20. P takes B
21. Q takes P 21. Kt to K4
22. B takes Kt 22. QP takes B
23. Kt to KB3 23. R to KR4
24. Kt to KR4 24. R takes Kt

Necessary, to avoid still greater loss.

25. Q takes R 25. R to KR
26. Q to KKt3 26. R to R4
27. R to KB3 27. B to KR
28. QR to KB 28. P to QKt3
29. P to QB4 29. P takes QP

This hastens defeat, but the game was past redemption.

30. EP takes P 30. P to QR4
31. R to QB3
And Black resigns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—The game sent, though tolerably well conducted by the first player, is scarcely interesting enough for publication.

SPINDLESHANKS, New York.—In ordinary problems the defending player is *always* supposed to make the best possible moves. We know of no code of laws such as you mention.

C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Your remarks as to Problem VIII. are quite correct, as (with the exception of No. XIV.) are also the solutions sent. We appreciate the complimentary remark with which you close your note.

F. H. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—You have failed to hit upon the key move of Problem XXXII. The other solutions are correct, as are those forwarded by—J. N. B., Chicago; T. M., Boston; S. H., Springfield; and M. S., New York.

BLACKBURNE vs. DE VERR.—A match of considerable interest to English Chess-players is announced between Messrs. De Vere and Blackburne, who made such a close fight in the recent Tournament for the Challenge Cup of the British Chess Association. The stakes, amounting to £200, are to be awarded to the winner of the first seven games.

CHESS IN GERMANY.—Mr. Zukertort, one of the editors of the *Neue Berliner Schachzeitung*, during a recent visit to Leipzig, contested five games with Mr. J. Minckwitz, editor of the *Leipziger Schachzeitung*, of which Mr. Z. lost two, drew two, and scored one.

BROOKLYN versus NEW YORK.—On Friday, the 23d of April, the usual weekly consultation *partie* between

the respective Clubs of Brooklyn and New York took place at the New York Chess Club. The game (a "Ruy Lopez," in which the Brooklyn players had the move) terminated in favor of New York after a stubborn contest, extending over fifty moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM XXXIII.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to KKt2 1. R takes KP (a)
2. Kt to Q4 dis ch 2. R interposes
3. Q takes QB mate (a)

1. Kt to Q4 dis ch 1. B takes Q (b)
3. Kt to QKt3 mate 2. K to B4

1. Kt to Q4 1. K to B4 (c)
3. Kt takes B mate 2. B takes KP

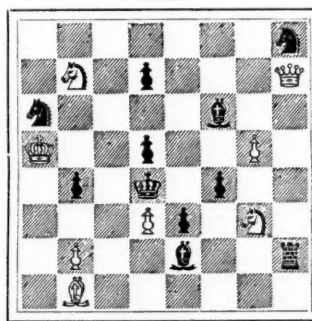
2. Kt to Kt5 ch 1. K takes KP
3. B to KR3 mate 2. K to KB4

PROBLEM XXXIV.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to QB3 1. Kt takes R (a)
2. Kt to KR3 2. Any move
3. Kt mates (a)

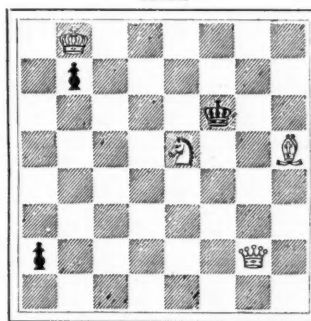
2. K to K7 1. Kt to QKt2 ch
3. R to K3 mate 2. Any move

PROBLEM XXXV. By Mr. C. A. Gilberg, Brooklyn, L. I.



WHITE.
White to play and checkmate in four moves.

PROBLEM XXXVI. By Mr. W. E. Tinney, Philadelphia, Pa.



WHITE.
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

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